

P O E M S

O N

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

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P O E M S

O N

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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BY WILLIAM HAWKINS,

LATE PROFESSOR OF POETRY IN OXFORD.

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O X F O R D,

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M DCCLXXXI.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Poems (some of which, it is presumed, will be found to have an *original* cast,) were written partly to divert the Author's mind from reflections of unpleasing tendency, and partly to relieve it under attention to matters more professional, and of much greater importance to the interest of virtue and religion. And he hopes at the same time a liberal attempt to amuse all sorts of readers but immoral ones, will not be less acceptable to the candid and the sensible, than the bulk of modern productions, which are visibly calculated to answer a mere temporary and ungenerous purpose; in the gratification of party rage, popular censoriousness, or personal disgust.

N. B. The Reader is desired for *Heats*, to read *Heat's*, p. 7, l. 5. — for *honours*, to read *humours*, p. 9, at bottom; — to erase the *period* at *unfold*, p. 17, l. 6. — to put a *comma* after *blame*, l. 7. *ibid.* — for *how*, *how*, to read *now*, *now*, p. 20, l. 12. — for *sov'ring*, to read *sov'reign*, p. 26, l. 9. — for *might*, to read *night*, p. 44, l. 12. — for *terror* to read *tribute*, p. 52, l. 18. — for *Tubal*, to read *Jubal*, p. 65, l. 12. — to put a *colon* at *truth*, p. 130, l. 8. and to correct with his pen a few other less considerable *Errata* in the spelling and punctuation.

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# ESSAY ON GENIUS.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

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**I**NQUIRE, dispute, reply, and all you can,  
Say, what is GENIUS but the soul of man;—  
Beam of that light which animates our frame,  
Alike in many, but in none the same?  
'Tis with our Minds, as with our bodies, none  
In essence differ, yet each knows his own.  
Marks of specific character we see  
That stamp on ev'ry mortal,—THIS IS HE.  
Nor varies more our present outward shape  
(This man half-angel, and the next half-ape)  
Than do the mental powers: What odds we find  
Between a ——'s and a \* *Newton's* mind?

\* In the course of this Essay, the names of many who have distinguished themselves by their ability will occur; but it will not be expected, that honour should be done to, or mention made of all the successful candidates for

Ask you the cause? First take it for a rule—  
 Whate'er the man, the soul is not a fool.  
 She came in due perfection from the skies,  
 And all defect in grosser body lies.  
 Body and soul at best but ill agree ;—  
 'Tis spirit wedded to infirmity :  
 A disproportion'd match ; and hence proceeds  
 The soul's inaction from the body's needs.  
 This truth once state, ev'ry soul, 'tis plain,  
 Much on the filmy texture of the brain ;  
 Much on formations that escape our eyes ;  
 On nice connexions, and coherencies ;  
 And on corporeal organs must depend,  
 For her own functions, exercise, and end.  
 Hence then the cause of all defects is seen ;  
 For one wrong movement spoils the whole machine.

'Tis hence the several passions take their rise,  
 The seeds of virtue, and the roots of vice ;

celebrity, in all countries and ages of the world. It  
 will be thought sufficient, 'tis presumed, for the illustration  
 of the subject, to have produced some of the most  
 eminent and popular names, especially among those of  
 our own nation.

Hence notes peculiar or to young, or old,  
 Phlegmatic, sanguine, amorous, or cold;  
 And hence from constitution, such or such,  
 Wit will take modes, and *Genius* op'rate much.  
 The youthful bard, a gentle, fighting swain,  
 Like *Ovid* warbles in a love-sick strain;  
 With weaker passions, but with sense more strong.  
 The melancholy *Young* pursues his song.  
 Mixture of humours motley *Genius* shews;  
 'Tis seen, methinks, in \* *Hervey's* dancing prose.  
 Why wonder then to mark the sons of rhyme  
 Gay, serious, turgid, easy, or sublime?  
 The soul and body closely thus allied,  
 Vile is the folly as the sin of pride;  
 And one great truth the first of men will fit —  
 That nothing more precarious is than wit.

\* The author means not hereby to throw any reflection on the literary character of the late ingenious and worthy Mr. *Hervey*, whose *MEDITATIONS* have done considerable service to religion, and will rank him in the first class of elegant writers; — proper allowances made for the enthusiasm with which they are a little tinged, and for the exuberance of a sometimes too playful imagination.

Behold yon wretch, that o'er your parish strays,  
 A baby-man, a driv'ler all his days!  
 With tongue out-lolling, and round-rolling eyes,  
 He grins against the sun, and catches flies: —  
 But for some secret flaws we cannot read,  
 That check her motions, and her flights impede,  
 His soul, perchance, enrich'd with happiest thought,  
 Had spoke like *Tully*, or like *Virgil* wrote.

Alas! all souls are subject to like fate,  
 All sympathizing with the body's state;  
 Let the fierce fever burn through ev'ry vein,  
 And drive the madding fury to the brain,  
 Nought can the fervour of his frenzy cool,  
 But *Aristotle's* self's a parish fool!  
 Nay, in proportion, lighter ails controul  
 The mental virtue, and infect the soul.  
 Ease is best convoy in our voy'ge to truth: —  
 What man e'er reason'd with a raging tooth?  
 A poet with a *Genius*, and without,  
 Are the same creatures in the pangs of gout.

Hence then we guess, nor vain is our surmise,  
 Why some are fools, and none are always wise;

Why *Genius* differs in life's every stage,  
 'Runs wild with youth, and creeps with hobbling age,  
 The soul uncumber'd with the mortal clay  
 Knows no increase of strength, nor fears decay.  
 A little art this secret may unfold —  
 That what can never die, is never old.

By present powers perfection cease to scan,  
 For we may daily mourn the *fall of man*!  
 Ah! how bright wit, possessor of ev'ry gift,  
 Dwindled to folly, and went mad in *Swift*.  
 The mighty *Marlb'ro'*, whose great soul was prov'd  
 Upon the plains of *Blenheim*, where, unmov'd  
 " Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,"  
 He view'd around " the dreadful scenes of war;  
 " In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd;  
 " To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid;  
 " Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,  
 " And taught the doubtful battle where to rage;"  
 E'en he, the springs of nature in decay,  
 And all his vital functions worn away,  
 Unable now to conquer realms, or buy,  
 With idiot gesture, and unmeaning eye,  
 Sits a spectator in the foremost row,  
 And gazes at heroes in a puppet-show.



Eschew presumption ev'ry half-learn'd elf;  
 The noblest writer does not know himself.  
 Turn mighty *Milton's* sacred volume o'er;  
 'Tis strength, 'tis majesty, or something more;  
 His numbers like th'Almighty's thunders roll,  
 And strike an awful pleasure to the soul:  
 We joy in ruin; and are almost pain'd  
 To see the (late-lost) *Paradise Regain'd*.  
 This work \* himself judg'd best: — tell me who read,  
 Was not the mighty *Milton* blind indeed?

GENIUS again, by inf'rence apt we see,  
 The same in species, differs in degree;  
 Propensities are strong; and few men yet  
 But have a relish for some kind of wit.  
*Homer* is monarch of the *Epic* choir;  
 Yet *Virgil* snatch'd a brand of *Homer's* fire;

\* See *Fenton's Life of Milton*, prefixed to his edition of *Paradise Lost*.

The learned Dr. *Newton* tells us, in his *Life of Milton*,  
 that, "all that we can assert upon good authority is, that  
 "he could not endure to hear the *Paradise Regained* cried  
 "down so much as it was, in comparison with the other  
 "poem." But, I believe, my reader will agree with me,  
 that such a partiality as this, will sufficiently warrant  
 what is said in the Essay. Probably I may have more to  
 say upon this subject in another place.



The daring *Homer's* all-impetuous strain,  
 Like a hot courser bore him o'er the plain.  
 The muse of *Virgil*, that affected state,  
 Speeds not so swiftly, but she keeps her rate.  
 Heats oft intense in *Lucan's* patriot page,  
 And *Statius'* muse turns fury in her rage.  
 Each writer is distinguish'd in his way ;  
 Grand *Sophocles*, or playful *Seneca*.  
 Bold *Æschylus* a stately buskin wore,  
 And shook th' *Athenian* stage with tragic roar.  
 You'd swear, so soft *Euripides* appears,  
 And tender still, he dipt his quill in tears.  
 Droll *Aristophanes* in humour's school  
 Was bred, and we admire e'en envy's tool.  
 A pleasant vein through laughing *Plautus* ran,  
 And *Terence* words it like a gentleman.

All to their fav'rite art will lay pretence ; —  
 'Tis inclination, or 'tis excellence ;  
 'Midst clouds of dullness gleams of wit have shone,  
 Like the faint burstings of an *April* sun.  
 Some partly fail, as partly they excel —  
 Thus *R-ch-rdf-n*, we know, drew nature well ;  
 Yet should a genius toy as he has done,  
 And spin morality like *Grandison* ?

Grant you what's past, and it will less perplex  
 To ask, why woman is the weaker sex ?  
 Or, why th' extremes of female wits are such,  
 They mostly say too little, or too much ?  
 Beauty's soft frame, for other ends design'd,  
 Faints under toil of body, or of mind.  
 Shall dimpled girls " the state's whole thunder wield,  
 And spinsters " shake the senate, or the field ?"  
 Shall tender matrons with man's follies vex,  
 With high-strain'd treble drive a pointed text ?  
 Shall blooming virgins wage the wordy war,  
 And deck with brazen fronts the noisy bar ?  
 Let not creation's finer part repine,  
 Or grudge the province where they cannot shine.  
 Their pleasing sway a thousand ways is shewn,  
 And beauty has an empire of its own.  
 Kind Heav'n that gave them beauty, all things gave :—  
 The soundest scholar is a woman's slave.  
 Yet have we known superior nymphs that can  
 Assert an equal pow'r, and rival man !  
 Born nature's wonders, or with art to wield  
 The pen ; or grace in arms the martial field ;  
 To model laws ; or rule a factious realm ;  
 Witness *Eliza* at *Britannia's* helm ;

Witness the great *Semiramis* of old,  
 Whose ample prowess fame has grav'd in gold;  
 Witness the lofty soul, the matchless worth  
 Of *Cath'rine*, recent empress of the north;  
 Witness th' ingenious talents of a few,  
*Aikin, Centlivre, Rowe, Behn, Montague*;  
 Fine strokes in pretty *Novellists* are seen,  
 And in *Macaulay* sense atones for spleen!

Nay, diff'rent countries diff'rent *Genius* make;  
 Souls modes peculiar to their climate take;  
*Baotia's* foggy air was mark'd of old;  
*Athenian* wits were bright, and *Theban* cold.  
 Just view near home the surface of the ball; —  
 In *Holland*, *Genius* is mechanical:  
 In *France*, the muses breathe a livelier strain;  
 In *Italy*, they skip; and strut in *Spain*.  
 Not but the *British* muse delights to shew  
 Exotic worth, and merit in a foe.  
*Tasso, Corneille, Racine* adorn their age,  
 And much we borrow from the *Gallic* stage.  
 In equal strength, tho' diff'rent modes appear  
 The honours of *Cervantes* and *Moliere*.  
 This muse or that propitious deigns to shine  
 On other bards, but on *Voltaire* the Nine.

In *England*, O how manifold our rhyme,  
 Where *Genius* is uncertain as the clime.  
 We shew (consult the press, the stage, the schools)  
 All sorts of wise men, — as all sorts of fools! —  
 And count our numbers of illustrious name  
 That climb'd by different paths the steeps of fame.

Ye laurell'd bards of *Britain*, great in song,  
 O let the muse survey your tuneful throng.

*Chaucer*, who notes not thy facetious glee,  
 Thy *Genius* full of quaint festivity?  
 Who reads must see, and seeing must admire  
 Bright *Spencer's* fancy, and bold *Milton's* fire.  
*Genius* was studied wit in artful *Ben*,  
 But flow'd spontaneous, *Dryden*, from thy pen;  
 'Twas thine in manly richness to excel,  
 With twice thy labour few write half so well.  
*Fletcher* had copious energy of mind.  
*Cowley's* was wit let loose, and *Wycherly's* confin'd.  
 Who but applauds soft *Otway's* melting lay;  
 The negligent Simplicity of *Gay*;  
 The genuine mirth that tickled *Butler's* vein;  
*Waller's* terse sonnet, and *Young's* nervous strain?

Garth had a trait farcassic, *Vanburgh* droll;  
 And *Mason's* drama speaks a *Grecian* soul.  
 Such various forms will *Genius* take to please;  
 In *Rowe* 'tis elegance; in *Prior* ease;  
 In *Lee* 'tis flame that lays half nature waste;  
 And in the courtly *Addison* 'tis taste.  
 In *Thomson's* muse a thousand graces shine,  
 And strong description animates his line.  
 'Tis comic grace in *Steele*, that shunn'd offence.  
 In *Pope* 'tis sweetness, purity, and sense.  
 'Tis humour in the *Dean*, unequall'd yet;  
 And, *Congreve*, who could stand thy two-edg'd wit?  
 To sev'ral bards their several beauties fall,  
 But to inimitable *Shakefpear* — all!  
 He, nature's darling, unrestrain'd by art,  
 Knew ev'ry spring that moves the human heart.  
*Shakefpear*! O *Phæbus*, lend thy golden lyre;  
 Give me the beams of thy cœlestial fire;  
 Avaunt, ye vulgar! poets listen round,  
 And all *Parnassus* thunder with the sound,  
 While the muse hails that great dramatic name,  
 And down time's rapid tide bears *Shakefpear's*  
                     endless fame.  
 Thy genius, *Shenstone*, who shall justly treat?  
 'Tis something — something exquisitely neat.



Nor must the wreath of glory be denied  
 To solemn *Gray*, or florid *Akinside* :  
 Nor is it just its tribute to refuse  
 To *Churchill's* bitter, but ungen'rous muse.  
 In *Lowth*, in *West*, a vein *Pindaric* flows ;  
 Each *Warton* a commanding talent shews,  
 And classical alike their verse and prose.

}

Assert we then the force of *Genius* lies  
 In verse alone? Are poets only wise?  
 We hinted *Genius* is of various kind ;  
 And vast the province of the human mind.  
 Who well performs his heav'n-allotted part,  
 By strength of nature, or by aid of art,  
 Whate'er the subject of his happy skill,  
 The product is the work of *Genius* still.

That artful rhet'ric human souls can move,  
*Demosthenes*, let thy *Philippics* prove.  
 What honied dew distill'd from *Tully's* tongue!  
 What soft persuasion on his accents hung!  
 So smoothly strong the sweet oration flows,  
 We might assert — the muses speak in prose.  
 Bid him write verses; — who but will agree,  
*Cibber* could make as good an *Ode* as he.



'Tis nought but *Genius* that in all presides,  
 Gives word in battle, and in council guides:  
 Prescribes in physic, and consigns to fame  
 A learned *Hervey's*, or a *Sydenham's* name.  
 Sad woes ensu'd, where fools have squadrons led;  
 For what is *Cæsar's* arm without his head?  
 A glorious list in *British* records shines  
 Of statesmen, wits, philosophers, divines.  
 Great *Raleigh's* death, a sacrifice to *Spain*,  
 Marks with a blot a pedant monarch's reign.  
 Wise *Bacon* saw where truth half-smother'd lay,  
 And from scholastic rubbish clear'd the way.  
 Sage *Pocock*, and, deep skill'd in annals old,  
*Usher*, high places in fame's temple hold.  
 Long lucubrations, o'er the midnight oil,  
 Gave to the world a *Newton* and a *Boyle*!  
 Sagacious *Locke* discover'd, when he wrote,  
 Clearness of notion, and vast depth of thought.  
 Each *Alma Mater* boasts her fav'rite own,  
 OXFORD her *Bradley*, CAMBRIDGE *Sanderfon*.  
 Nature still marks what mortals speak, or write,  
*Chatham* was copious; *Chesterfield* polite.  
 Knowledge of vulgar manners all discern  
 In *Fielding*; and new pleasantry in *Stern*.

In *Johnson's* strong, but pomp-affecting prose  
 A mortal wit it's self-sufficiency shews.  
 'This age has seen strange powers to music giv'n,  
 And *Handel* learn'd, or stole his art from heav'n.  
 'Tis not a puny judge can find a flaw  
 In *Sherlock's* gospel, or in *Blackstone's* law:  
 While *Mansfield's* elocution pure and strong,  
 Resistless as a torrent sweeps along.  
 Some to high fame by solid judgment rise,  
 'Tis *Hurd's* immortal fame to criticise.  
 There are who can amaze while they delight;  
 Bold spirit with cool judgment can unite.  
 Let \* *Gloster's* learned works your praise engage;  
 And *Hume's*, and *Robertson's* historic page.  
 What plenteous streams of easy sense we see  
 In fluent *Tillotson's* divinity?  
 Yet fluent *Tillotson* could little say,  
 Had not the deep-read *Barrow* lead the way.  
 Others may fright you from the tempter's gin,  
 But *South* will make a man ashamed of sin.  
 Nay some we know (and knowing we must smile)  
 Blest with a talent, but without a style:  
*Hammond* stands foremost of this awkward line,  
 A rumbling writer, but a deep divine!

\* Warburton.

Who ever knew so strange a vein as his,  
 Or so much learning in *parenthesis* ?  
 'Twould tire the muse, and reader to proceed  
 From reas'ning *Chillingworth* to flow'ry *Seed* ;  
 To cite at large the theologic band  
 From *Jewel* down to *Clarke* and *Waterland* ;  
 The works of christian labour to explore  
 Of *Hooker*, *Pearson*, *Mede*, and numbers more  
 That drew their manly quills for righteous ends ;  
 The church's champions, and religion's friends.

I grieve to think what souls may be destroy'd  
 By wit perverse, and *Genius* misemploy'd.  
 Nothing awakes so soon the vengeful rod,  
 As wisdom flying in the face of God.  
 The force of reason is of finite length ; —  
 This giant that attempts beyond his strength.  
 Our boasted light of nature, feeble spark,  
 Guides for a while, but leaves us in the dark.  
 As glimm'ring vapours with a pallid ray  
 Light us to quagmires, and to gulphs betray.  
 How vain is mortal man above his sphere !  
 Poor knowing fool, just wise enough to err !  
 Go, span the globe ; the world's strong bounds o'erleap ;  
 Empty the yawning caverns of the deep ;

Count all the fibres of that insect's thigh ;  
 Catch me the trembling sun-beams as they fly ;  
 Then take thy understanding's cable line,  
 Examine God, and measure truths divine.

Grant me, kind heav'n, to see ere I explain ;  
 Correct all false ambition of my brain ;  
 And on my mind this maxim printed be, —  
 The christian virtue is Humility.  
 Happier the simple swain, the rustic fool,  
 That never took the polish of a school,  
 Than, swell'd with pride, a master of all arts,  
 With *Shaftsbury's* cunning, and with *St. John's* parts.

Much wit obscene has crept thro' ev'ry age ;  
 But lewdness riots on the modern stage.  
 O shame to arts ! our poets may despise  
 The bards of old ; with *Rome* and *Athens* vie ;  
 May boast invention, penetration, wit,  
 All qualities for either *Drama* fit ;  
 May touch the passions with enchanting art,  
 And take minutest copies of the Heart :  
 Yet of past *Dramatists* be this the praise ; —  
 They rarely stain'd with ribaldry their bays.

*Genius* depends then on the body's frame —  
 Tell me, will *Genius* never be the same?  
 Or will the diff'rence we to-day espy,  
 Subsist in souls to all eternity?  
 Such question put, if reason may be bold  
 In humble-wise conjecture to unfold.  
 She seems to dictate, and she fears not blame  
 That things once diff'ring never are the same.  
 Here or hereafter, in what light you will,  
 A man, you know, is soul and body still;  
 And still corporeal organs, and their use  
 Must correspondent faculties produce:  
 But body, in that happier state refin'd,  
 Shall leave its old infirmities behind  
 And ev'ry soul be perfect in her kind. }  
 Consult material objects, and we see  
 God's pow'r display'd in sweet variety.  
 The diff'rent Seasons diff'rent beauties bring;  
 'Tis not one colour paints the jolly spring.  
 The sun, high-flaming, travels in his might;  
 The moon with placid orb adorns the night.  
 Each insect that eludes the nicest eye,  
 One of the myriads floating in the sky,



His Maker's praise proclaim as loudly can  
 As Ocean's tyrant king, the great *Leviathan*.  
 Look thro' all nature, the vast tracts of space,  
 Each being has it's proper pow'r, and place.  
 Th' angelic hosts that round the Godhead wait,  
 And issue forth his ministers of fate,  
 Have their respective provinces, and know  
 What part to act above, and what below :  
*Messiah's* sword to *Michael's* might is giv'n ;  
 And *Gabriel* is Ambassador of Heav'n.

Hence then, from inf'rence fairly drawn, we find  
 That souls will differ, and excel in kind ;  
 But when admitted to the realms of joy,  
 What certain office, what precise employ  
 Shall exercise the sev'ral pow'rs of each,  
 Present conception not presumes to reach !  
 Enough, from gen'ral principles to shew  
 That one great point of blifs will be — to know ;  
 To touch perfection in a fav'rite art,  
 And grieve no longer but to " know in part :"  
 To mark where truth in her recesses lies,  
 Pursue her without toil, and grasp her as she flies.



The sage *Logician* then shall clearly see  
 How all ideas differ, or agree,  
 And from her coverts drive fly sophistry :  
 No need to shift, to wrangle, and confute ;  
 For sure the blessed reason, not dispute.  
 See pensive *Metaphysics* ! science coy !  
 In contemplation only knowing joy !  
 Sober recluse, no noisy stander-by,  
 She speculates abstracted entity.  
 Purg'd of the grosser particles of clay,  
 And all material obstacles away,  
 In the full vigour of eternal youth,  
 How will she see, embrace, adore the truth ?  
*Physics* still fond new secrets to descry,  
 And look through nature with a piercing eye,  
 Hereafter latent causes may explore,  
 When all the present system is no more ;  
 And prove, when inmate of the blest abode,  
 This world an atom to the works of God !  
 The pale *Astronomer*, who kens from far  
 The wand'ring planet, or the station'd star,  
 When this frail earth in ruin shall be hurl'd,  
 May count the lamps that light a nobler world :

And subtle *G'ometry* shall lend her line,  
 And take dimensions of the plan divine.  
 What sounds shall flow from *Rhet'ric's* silver tongue?  
 How sweet her eloquence, her voice how strong!  
 Her wond'rous talents graceful she displays,  
 And thunders forth the heav'nly monarch's praise.  
 Hark! hark! the raptur'd bard has struck his lyre;  
 His bosom kindles with poetic fire;  
 Ten thousand vast ideas swell his mind;  
 Imagination ranges unconfin'd;  
 He sings *Jehovah's* all-triumphant reign;  
 How softly trills, how loudly sounds the strain,  
 And music fills th' unmeasurable plain;  
 The winged hosts are charm'd that hover by,  
 And seraphs shout applause that rends the sky.

Such then the future pleasures of the mind,  
 So solid, manly, rational, refin'd,  
 Source of sublime delight, and tranquil joy,  
 And sure to satisfy, but not to cloy;  
 How vain at once are all mere earthly schemes,  
 The tricks of statesmen, and ambition's dreams?  
 Low the designs the wisest worldlings lay;  
 Lower the brutal pleasures of a day.

Awake, awake ; — pursue your proper plan ;  
 Virtue and knowledge only make a man.  
 Despise the world ; a better fortune try ;  
 And calculate for immortality.  
 Ideots, by nat'ral organs ill supply'd ;  
 Untutor'd louts, whose parts were never try'd ;  
 Hereafter hidden excellence may shew,  
 And rank with souls that scorn'd them here below :  
 But for the sot that sees, yet flights his rule,  
 The wilful novice, and industrious fool,  
 That lulls with sloth, or sleeps in vice his sense,  
 The slave of pleasure, or of indolence,  
 How wretched is his fate ? Fears he not pain,  
 The gnawing viper, and the galling chain ?  
 Still wretched is this blockhead's fate — for why ?  
 Eternal ignorance is misery, \*

Who goodly talents have, should talents use  
 With care assiduous, but with virtuous views ;

\* The author apprehends this sentiment to be justified by reasonable presumptions, and the sense which the following passage of S. S. will at least admit : — *He that is unjust, let him be unjust still. &c.* Rev. ch. xx. ver. 11.

For application sometimes less pretence  
 To merit has than barren indolence.  
 Nothing fatigues our soul, or tires our brain,  
 Like lust of empire, or the thirst of gain :  
 And these o'er-ruling in an active mind,  
 Spoil nations, and make havock of mankind.  
 Ingenious tyrants only make us slaves ; —  
 Were all men fools, sure no men would be knaves.  
 Sly *Cromwell*, once obscure unnotic'd thing,  
 Outwitted factions, and was more than king.  
 Ambition take the sceptre and the robe,  
 Spread thy huge greatness over half the globe ;  
 Lo ! the world bursts, 'tis nature's dying day,  
 The sun is dark the planets melt away : —  
 Now boast thy *Genius*, exercise thy parts,  
 Recount thy feats, and recognize thy arts ;  
 Alas ! thou curst thy too pregnant brain,  
 And knowledge is acute to quicken pain.

The nature, the importance, and the end  
 Of *Genius* such, be wise then and attend  
 How we may best our nat'ral powers improve,  
 And qualify the soul for bliss above.

*Genius* lies hid, like metal in the mine,  
 Till searching education bids it shine.

'Tis but a glorious few of deathless name  
 Have found without a guide their road to fame.  
 Nor slight their province, if we justly rate,  
 Who till the mind, and *Genius* cultivate ;  
 Much penetration, and no little toil  
 Must try the strength and temper of the soil :  
 Some minds rich-natur'd, like a gen'rous field,  
 To little culture ample harvests yield ;  
 Others incessant labour must secure,  
 They owe their goodly produce to manure.  
 Our judgment too should mark where talent lies,  
 And, soon as seen, indulge propensities :  
 For diff'rent objects diff'rent fancies strike ;  
*Genius*, we said before, is not alike.  
*Pope's* forward muse procur'd him early fame ;  
 " He lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came ;"  
 Another's unharmonious taste is such,  
 Sooner than poetry he'd learn *High Dutch* !  
 Yet *He* peculiar talents may display,  
 And prove a very wonder in his way.  
 Why must all mortals seek the self-same praise ?  
 Is there no garland but a wreath of bays ?  
 To steep *Parnassus'* summit most sublime  
 'Tis not a short-breath'd *Pegasus* can climb.



Some seem to think that *Genius* may be sold,  
 But wit is not, like honour, bought with gold.  
 To foreign regions wealthy thicksculs roam;  
 Tho' fools of all men sure should stay at home.  
 Another's heir thro' *Wickham's* school must pass;  
 He goes a blockhead, and comes home an ass.  
 From form to form these dull indocile things  
 Proceed in course, as tumblers shoot thro' rings.  
 Yet these, tho' destitute of hopeful wit,  
 'Twere rashness to pronounce at once unfit  
 For life's first stations; oft 'mongst these we find  
 An able body, and an active mind;  
 A keen discernment; prudence; caution; care;  
 A hand to execute; a soul to dare.  
 No useful talent then should dormant lie;  
 — 'Tis service to the common enemy; —  
 And these no-scholars may or swell the sail  
 Of commerce, and attend the shifting gale;  
 Or deck with great exploits a *Georgia's* reign,  
 And humble *Gallic* crests, and crush the pride of *Spain*.

Others of lively parts, but wretched fate,  
 Want nothing but a fortune to be great.  
 Sometimes among the vulgar herd we find  
 Strong marks and features of a heav'nly mind:



The village swain's a wit, he knows not how,  
 And I have seen philosophy at plough.  
 How are our hopes by present chances crost?  
 What oafs make p-r-f-n-s, and what wits are lost?

When now your *Genius*, near to ripeness grown,  
 Begins to glow with raptures all its own,  
 Ply it with chosen books of various kinds,  
 For reading is the food of hungry minds:  
 Mod'rate and wholsom will suffice your need;  
 'Tis not how much, but how and what you read;  
 To rise with appetite is always best;  
 Gluttons devour much more than they digest:  
 'Tis vain for ever over books to pore;  
 Reading does much, but observation more.  
 Mere slavish plodding never yet prevail'd;  
 See yon lank student to his *folio* nail'd:  
 He reads at home, abroad, at meals, in bed,  
 And has five thousand volumes in his head;  
 Yet little to perfection has he brought,  
 For he has read so much, — he never thought.  
 The youth more sprightly, and the glowing bard,  
 That had as lieve go dig as study hard,

Applies by fits, and at his fancy's call;  
 Little he reads, but has that little all;  
 He sees, and he enjoys his author's worth,  
 Gathers his flow'rs, and culls his beauties forth.  
 He dwells with transport on a fav'rite part,  
 And clasps each striking passage to his heart.

Your models chuse from authors of first rate;  
 He cannot write, who dares not emulate.  
 To father *Homer's* sov'ring poetry  
*Rome* owes her *Virgil*, and our *Milton* we.  
 The tow'ring muse of *Pindar* reach'd the sky,  
 And *Flaccus* follow'd with an eager eye.  
 For present times to emulate is all:—  
 'Tis scarce in wit to be original.

Leave books, and go to company; and then  
 Leave company, and go to books again.  
 The studious mind 'tis useful to unbend  
 In pleasing converse with a social friend:  
 For cordial juices of the purple vine  
 Refresh the weary, and the dull refine:  
 O'er flowing bowls rebounds the sparkling wit,  
 And sure no poet was a milkop yet.

Intemp'rate revelling alone consumes  
 The mental pow'rs, and clouds the brain in fumes.  
*Horace*, best handler of the *Roman* lyre,  
 In rich *Falernum* quaff'd poetic fire :  
 A jovial bard ! How pleasant are his strains !  
 How much good-humour in his writings reigns !  
 He laughs, tho' angry, and will still delight ;  
 His verse is satire, but it is not spite.  
 How does his muse with free politeness rail !  
 While *Juvenal's* is threshing with a flail !

Scholars should know, all fire in motion lies. —  
 Whet then your parts with manly exercise.  
 Dulness sits slumb'ring in an elbow-chair ;  
 But the gay Muses love to take the air. —  
 — The Shades of night are fled before the morn ;  
 The mountains echo to the cheerful horn ;  
 Men, dogs, and horses, neighings, shouts, and cries  
 Shake with tumultuous jollity the skies ;  
 The chace grows hot ; they pant in ev'ry vein ;  
 Now climb the steep hill's brow, now scour along  
 the plain.

Such sports as these enliven ; they impart  
 Warmth to the brain, and gladness to the heart.

Yet cautious still indulge the vig'rous joy ; —  
It should be relaxation, not employ.

But if due aid to *Genius* may be lent,  
Sometimes it suffers by impediment.  
Unhappy is the bard that deals in rhyme  
When wit is obsolete, and sense a crime :  
When the weak muse, in a degen'rate age,  
Crawls from the press, or lamely treads the stage ;  
No longer dares to noble heights advance,  
But chimes in song, or trifles in romance.

How shall the genuine bard escape from fools  
That judge by narrow, or by partial rules ?  
A thousand wittings maul his mangled name,  
And yelping critics hunt him out of fame.  
How strange a fate ! in writing few succeed ;  
But ev'ry man's a critic that can read !  
Chance sometimes seems to govern all ; we see  
Merit in vain prefer a righteous plea :  
False taste, caprice, and circumstance of times  
Untowardly conspire to damn our rhymes ;  
And censure so perversely plays her tricks,  
That she will measure wit by politics !

To our eternal shame this truth be said —  
That for whole Years ev'n \* *Milton* was unread.

If these are plagues, still more remain behind;  
Wits tell you fortune frowns upon their kind.  
Alas! what sources of obstruction lie  
In the great common woe of poverty!

\* In fact, as fair a chance for renown as literary worth will be acknowledged to have in the main, it cannot be denied that Authors before now have been less indebted to the intrinsic merit of their productions for their reputation, than to a powerful patronage, or a favourable crisis. The world is not invariably just in its decisions. I will only detain the reader with one notorious instance. Mr. *Addison's* Comedy of the *Drummer* was hardly able to wriggle itself into the world at all; while the Tragedy of *Cato*, by virtue principally of the popular word *Liberty*, recommended itself to uncommon applause, and was long time the favourite entertainment of the nation. For this performance, notwithstanding the random panegyric bestowed on it by a few † Gentlemen connected with its author by principle, or attached to him by friendship, is, in point merely of *dramatic* merit, most unquestionably far inferior to the Comedy above-mentioned. In short, the fate of writers is too often determined by many supposable contingencies and circumstances; and literary reputation is sometimes temporary, sometimes posthumous, and always in some measure precarious.

† See *GUARDIAN*, Vol. I. No. 33, &c.



Whose ease is hardest, 'tis not quickly said,  
 Of theirs that work, or theirs that write for bread.  
 The starveling curate the fat dean supplies ;  
 One makes divinity, and t'other buys. —  
 Who but must wail the state of lib'ral arts,  
 When scholars pawn their coats, or sell their parts ?  
 Bards of first note are hirelings ev'ry day,  
 And the chaste Nine turn prostitutes for pay.  
 Sure of all writers poets should not lack ;  
 'Twill spoil your *Pegasus* to make him hack.  
 The muse expands her wings before you ask. —  
 She loves employment, but she hates a task.  
 To *Dryden* the proud manager could say ; —  
 On pain of thirst and hunger bring your play.  
 — The play appears in breach of many a rule,  
 And want makes *Dryden* sometimes half a fool.

Such from without the causes that we find  
 Obstruct the operations of the mind :  
 Within too *Genius* has its enemies,  
 And in ourselves too oft our hindrance lies :  
 Our passions, vices, follies, talents hide,  
 Intemp'rance, anger, hastiness, and pride.



We said, debauches will oblivion bring,  
And mix dull *Lethe* with the Muses' spring.

The mind is then most vig'rous when serene ;  
And crude the sentiment that flows from spleen.  
— What then inspires the sharp, satyric page ?  
Oft, fix'd ill-nature ; seldom sudden rage.

Some giddy fancies ev'ry object hit  
Alike ; — you may be prodigal of wit.  
The verse is short-liv'd that is premature ;  
The muse tho' never slow, should still be sure.  
These are thy honours, *Blackmore*, this thy gain,  
That nonsense came in vollies from thy brain.

Conceit with vapours puffs an empty mind,  
And makes a writer to his errors blind.  
'Tis the first praise to make ; the next to mend ;  
Go, court the censure of an able friend :  
Procure the sanction of a learned few ;  
Who knows what mortals may your works review ? \*

\* In the former edition the word—review—was printed in *Italics* ; — of which the author confesses the impropriety. — But whether the general question be pertinent or otherwise, he leaves to the determination of every candid and impartial reader.

True modesty for wit may sometimes pass ;  
 But ev'ry coxcomb is, as such, an ass.  
 The best productions some defects will stain,  
 And he affronts mankind who dares be vain !

O that my strains assistance could impart,  
 As far as nature may be help'd by art ;  
 Nature to mend all efforts it behoves,  
 And what God made 'tis art alone improves.

Give me this fame, kind heav'n, and tho' my song  
 Ranks me the meanest of the raptur'd throng,  
 I reap fair fruits, and gain an honest end,  
 Not muse-befriended, but the muse's friend. †

† The reader will find in the first edition of this poem a few lines of complimentary address to the university of OXFORD; (a place ever to be mentioned by the author with the utmost gratitude and respect;) and a few more relative to his own political principles, which are all here omitted as totally extraneous to his subject. But because the omission of the latter may be liable to misconstruction; or lay him open to a charge of tergiversation, and desertion of sentiment, from more quarters than one, it is thought proper to produce the passage in this place, with

as much of comment on it as will, 'tis hoped, be sufficient for his vindication, and the satisfaction of the reader.—  
The lines are as follows :

For me, howe'er, I covet lasting fame,  
And pant with longings for a poet's name,  
Yet let my soul confess a nobler aim !  
Give me, kind heav'n, still higher points to reach ;  
Give me to practice what I strive to teach ;  
My standing rules of daily conduct be  
Faith, honour, justice, candour, charity ;  
Careless of false reproach, or vain applause,  
Be worth my eulogy, and truth my cause.  
O may I wield an independent pen,  
A friend to virtue, not a tool to men ;  
*In perseverance placing all my glory,*  
*While Tories, Whigs, and all Men call me Tory !*  
Warm in my breast may patriot passion glow ;  
Righteous resentment of my country's woe :  
With voice and heart for ever may I stand  
'Gainst vermin that devour my native land ;  
And in one wish my wishes centered be —  
That I may live to hail my country free !

Two of these verses are a parody on a well-known passage in *Mr. Pope*, and reprobate that Gentleman's there-avowed mediocrity of principle. — However let stress be laid not on names, but things. Ideas are often affixed to terms with which they are not necessarily connected, either by the indiscretion, or the violence, or the artifice of

party. Men may load the word *Tory* with what Imputations they please; — but (to be as explicit as the occasion seems to require) if to profess himself a friend to the Constitution in Church and State; a foe alike to *Mafs* and *Meeting*, as far as candour will warrant, and charity admit; if to avow himself zealous equally for the Prerogative of the Crown, the freedom and independence of Parliament, and the privileges and liberties of the People; if to hold the rights of conscience sacred and inviolable, and to desire to see every peaceable subject in full possession of his religious sentiments, but at the same time to detest those latitudinarian principles, publicly maintained and insolently disseminated, which manifestly tend to undermine the foundations of all order and ecclesiastical establishment whatsoever; if to reverence at all times a constitutional opposition to ministry, but to abhor a factious one; if to wish to find the love of our country the universal passion, and the public good the grand aim and object of all orders and degrees of men among us; — if to do and to desire all this, and all that this implies, constitutes *Toryism* in the whole or in part, a *Tory* the author has been from his youth upon the fullest conviction, and a *Tory* he hopes to be to the last moment of his existence.

T H E  
S O N G   o f   D E B O R A H.  
A N   O D E.

JUDGES, Chap. v.

---

**B**EGIN the gladfome shout, the loud acclaim,  
     Begin the universal choir;  
 Temper in solemn tunes the sounding lyre  
     To great *Jehovah's* name;  
 Thrones, principedoms, pow'rs attend! Illustrious throng!  
     While I this glorious day  
     Swell to *Jehovah's* name the grateful song,  
 And tributary land, and joyous homage pay.—  
     Who shall abide the dire alarms?  
     The God of *Israel* is in arms:—  
 From *Edom's* field, in pomp of matchless might  
 Dreadful he marches, “grasping in his hand  
 Ten thousand thunders,” and controuls the fight:—  
 Who, where is he that shall withstand?



And while, sublime, the wide expanse he trode,  
 Big clouds discharge their watry stores ;  
 The dun storm growls ; the tempest roars ;  
 The frightened elements gave place ;  
 Proud Sinai trembled to his base ;  
 And nature's melting frame confess the coming God.

II.

What time the son of *Anath* held command,  
 And justice scanty dealt throughout the land,  
     How wretched *Israel's* state ?  
 'To insult rude, and rapine fierce betray'd,  
 Thro' devious tracks, and deserts wild they stray'd ;  
 No traveller the wonted path frequents ;  
 Each village her lost habitants laments ;  
     The region round was desolate :  
 While rageful war, and dire alarms  
 Beset the girded towns with thund'ring arms ;  
 Nor spear, nor shield was seen midst *Judah's* bands,  
 Terror disarm'd their hearts, and hostile pow'r their hands.  
     In impotence of deep distress  
     From other gods they seek redress,  
 Adding, ungrateful to their weight of woes ;  
     When I, the mother of my country, rose ; }  
     I *Deborah*, the scourge of *Jacob's* foes : }  
 And God, all-gracious set the nations free  
 By delegated might, and their deliverer, me !

Princes, and chiefs that durst assay  
The dangers of that direful day,  
Nobly devoted to your country's cause;  
Blessings inwreath your heads, and palms of fame's  
applause.

III.

Ye white-rob'd ministers of judgment tell,  
Rulers, and rev'rend elders say,  
All, all recount that glorious day  
When *Israel* triumph'd, and when *Jabin* fell —  
The tumults hush'd; the terrors fled;  
And peace her downy wings o'erspread;  
And righteous Heav'n tranquility restor'd  
By *Deb'rah*'s counsel sage, and *Barak*'s slaught'ring sword.

IV.

Now in the deep recesses of the vale,  
(Where far in many a limpid maze  
The curling streamlet sweetly strays,  
At whose fair spring, or flow'r-trimm'd fide,  
The villagers their huts supplied  
With liquid measures, daily drawn  
At evening's close, or morning's dawn;)   
The blithsome swains exchange a simple tale.  
Whilom in dread, and wild dismay  
They pass'd the cheerless, tedious day;

Sad they convers'd in whispers low ;  
 Fancy made ev'ry shade a foe ;  
 They shook with ev'ry wind that blew ;  
 In ev'ry breeze an arrow flew.  
 Now, free from terror and annoy  
 They give their souls at large to joy ;  
*Jehovah's* prowess they relate ;  
*Jehovah's* acts, and *Jabin's* fate ;  
 The pleasing theme enraptur'd they rehearse  
 With shouts of glad acclaim, or strains of rustic verse.

## V.

Rise *Deborah*, arise ; — prolong  
 In solemn notes thy tuneful song ;  
*Barak*, arise ! Thou son of fame  
 Grace thy triumphal car  
 With a long captive train, thy slaves of war ; —  
 Arise great offspring of *Abinoam*. —  
 Where were old *Israel's* sons ? say, did not all  
 The martial summons hear ?  
 Or basely did they shrink with fear,  
 Deaf to the din of arms, and glory's princely call ?  
*Reuben* no more, the brave and bold,  
 Attends at home his bleating fold ;

And *Dan* and *Asher's* coward band,  
 When loud the voice of battle roars  
 Flie to the limits of the land,  
 And people wide the barren shores ;  
 While *Zebulon*, and valiant *Naphtali*,  
 Patriot asserters of their country's right,  
 Undaunted drew their slender squadrons nigh,  
 And fac'd the dread array, and iron front of fight.

VI.

Heirs of renown, *Canaan's* proud monarchs came  
 Unbought, and panting with the thirst of fame !  
 Royal confed'rates ! from afar  
 Earth groan'd beneath their cumb'rous war :  
 By fair *Megiddo's* mossy banks they stood ;  
 Trembled with gleams of arms the silver flood.  
 Now hosts with hosts engage  
 Impetuous ; — hark ! the clangs resound ; —  
 See, see the prancing steeds up-tear the ground ;  
 And the wild tumult glows with hotter rage.  
 But lo ! the planets frown malign ;  
 And ah ! see where  
*Jehovah's* seraph-legions, pois'd in air,  
 The furious conflict join ;  
 The flaming squadrons urge their deathful way,  
 And crush the wither'd pow'rs of *Sifera*,  
 Arm'd with ethereal fires, and charg'd with wrath divine.

Triumph my soul ! pale fears our foes confound ;  
 Their might I trample on the ground ; —  
 The purple field is delug'd with the slain ;  
 And antient *Kishon's* rev'rend flood  
 (His swelling waves distain'd with blood)  
 Bears in his sweepy tide whole nations to the main.

## VII.

Fair *Kenite*, spouse of *Heber*, hail !  
 Blessings thy pious fraud shall crown,  
 And heart-felt joy, and high renown,  
 Envy of all the dames that dwell the tented vale.  
 Give me to drink, the toil-spent warrior cried,  
 The creamy bev'rage lib'ral she supplied, }  
 And from her lordly vats his parch'd thirst gratified.  
 Spent with fatigue, and lost in sleep profound,  
 Gigantic length, he lay —  
 The mighty *Sifera* —  
 And while he press'd his earthy bed,  
 She snatch'd the nail ; she pierc'd his head ;  
 She rivetted his temples to the ground.  
 Extended, breathless at her feet he lay —  
 The mighty *Sifera* —  
 Stretch'd at her feet, the chieftain died ; —  
 This boast of *Harosheth*, and *Jabin's* pride.



## VIII.

His noble mother darts from far  
     Her longing eyes,  
 And loud, with fond impatience, cries,—  
 Why tarries thus his loit'ring car ?  
 Why comes he not, she cries again,  
 (Preventing her attendant train)  
 Why comes not my victorious son ?  
 Is not the glorious battle won ?  
 Have not the leaders shar'd the prey ? —  
 The captive maids with blooming charms  
 To bless the glowing victor's arms ;  
 And broider'd robes, and glitt'ring spoils  
 Meet to reward the Soldiers toils ;  
 And grace the neck of conq'ring *Sifera* ?

## IX.

Thus ever let indignant vengeance rise  
     To blast *Jehovah's* enemies !  
 But let the faithful votaries of God  
 Distinguish'd shine, like yon vast orb of light  
 As thro' the purpled east he takes his flaming road,  
 Array'd in splendors pure, and majesty of might.

# BAALAM'S PROPHECY.

## A N O D E.

NUMBERS, Chap. xxiii, and xxiv.

---

I Burn, I burn with extasy —  
 I hear, I see, I feel the Deity —  
 Impulsive springs my pow'rs controul,  
 Celestial truth inspires my song,  
 Prophetic rapture trembles on my tongue,  
 And all the God comes rushing on my soul.

## II.

From *Aram's* lofty steeps I come  
 Where wide their radiance bright display  
 The golden beams of orient day,  
 Prophet of *Balak's* fate, and *Midian's* doom. —  
 Curse this invading host; curse, ban, defie  
 (Astounded *Balak*, and his princes cry)  
 The might of *Jacob's* sons, and potent chivalry. —

On thy devoted head the bans redound : —  
The chosen legions come from far  
Commission'd to uproot with wasteful war,  
And level thy puissance to the ground.

III.

Lo! from the rocky summits I behold  
The vast, the formidable throng ;  
Lo! where they gleam in arms that flame with gold,  
And like th' unbridled deluge sweep along.  
Illustrious, dreadful day!  
Lo! lo! they seize th' imperial sway ; —  
They grasp the sole command,  
And wipe the feeble nations from the land.  
Ah! see th' innumerable train  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the vale,  
Or whirling sands that mantle to the gale,  
Their wide-extended tribes o'erspread the roomy plain.

IV.

Lift *Balak* ! son of *Zippor* hear  
The oracles of God ! — I claim thine ear. —  
*Jacob*, th' immutable decree  
Awards the gen'ral sway to thee ; —  
The voice of truth celestial, name  
Awful, thro' ages endless rounds the same !

The God supreme his faithful hosts inspires; —  
 Full in their van, insufferably bright,  
 His splendid presence gilds the front of fight; —  
 They swell with rising rage; — they glow with  
 martial fires. —

How the din grows? What tumult's nigh?  
 What shouts monarchal tear the sky?  
 Appear, great son of *Jacob*, O appear —  
 Gay as the dapple stag, strong as the mountain steer.  
 All hail the favour'd band!  
 Led by *Jehovah's* lifted hand  
 From thralldom vile in *Egypt's* hated land.

V.

Avaunt ye ministers of might —  
 Gobbling, elf, and shad'wy sprite;  
 Necromancers, plotting harms;  
 Beldams, mutt'ring horrid charms;  
 Magic rite; and mystic spell;  
 All the potency of hell; —  
 Ye blasted pow'rs of darkness yield —  
 Behold! *Jehovah* takes the field!  
 What time the kingdoms struck with dread  
 Shall feel th' Almighty's vengeful rod,  
 Pale inquiry round shall spread —  
 What wond'rous acts are these? — Who is this angry God?

As some huge lion, rousing in his might,  
 Stalks sternly from his den in quest of food,  
 And springs upon his prey with fierce delight,  
 And gluts his rage of appetite with blood ; —  
     So *Jacob's* sons, in arms renown'd,  
     And still with wreaths of conquest crown'd,  
 March furious on, and mark their way  
 With slaughter, and enjoy the carnage of the day.

VI.

I glow, I burn with extasy —  
 I hear, I see, I feel the Deity —  
 Impulsive springs my pow'rs controul,  
 Celestial truth inspires my song,  
 Prophetic rapture trembles on my tongue ; —  
 Again, again the God comes rushing on my soul.

VII.

See ! what fair view yon length of squadrons yields !  
 See ! what pavilions whiten all the fields !  
 Tents beyond tents in goodly order stand,  
 And tribes on tribes bespread the conquer'd land.  
     As, planted by a bubbling river's side,  
     Some garden to the solar blaze  
     Its rich parterres, and flow'ry pride  
 In all their vernal luxury displays ;



While on the daised bank in solemn row  
 Nodding cedars stately grow,  
 And lengthen down the stream beyond the ken of sight :  
 So *Judah's* hosts, exulting in their might,  
 And heav'n-appointed o'er the realms to reign,  
 In well-form'd ranks of battle gay,  
 And beautiful in war's array,  
 Assert the sov'reign rule, and stretch of wide domain.  
 All hail the favour'd band !  
 Led by *Jehovah's* lifted hand  
 From thralldom vile in *Egypt's* hated land. —  
 They come resistless as the flood ;  
 Their vengeance pours ;  
 Their wrath devours ;  
 Their shafts are drunk with blood.

VIII.

Hist ! hist ! methinks these direful foes  
 At ease within their tents repose ;  
 As some huge lion couchant lies,  
 And ruminates his future prize.  
 Who shall upstir his slumb'ring might ;  
 Or dare him to the field of fight ?

IX.

I glow, I burn with extasy —  
 I hear, I see, I feel the Deity —

Impulsive springs my pow'rs controul,  
 Celestial truth inspires my song,  
 Prophetic rapture trembles on my tongue ; —  
 New light divine irradiates all my soul.

## X.

I look thro' ages ; I descry  
 Strange fruits of times to come ; —  
 Things buried in the womb  
 Of dark futurity. —  
 I see, I see from far  
 The pride of *Jacob*, dawning like the star  
 That lights the morn ; I see him rise,  
 Joy of all hearts, and wonder of all eyes :  
 I see him hold supreme command ;  
 I see him rear his sceptred hand ;  
 In pow'r unmatched ; benign in grace ;  
*Israel's Messiah* king, and Saviour of our race.

## D E V O T I O N.

## A P O E M.

**O**FFSPRING of Love and Reason, Eden-born,  
 What time mankind's progenitor beheld  
 New-made creation, and himself the lord,  
 Devotion, be my theme : — O fill my soul  
 With pious sentiment ; abstract my thought  
 From things corporeal ; and at once engage  
 And purify my verse. — Thrice blessed hour  
 Of unpolluted innocence, when thro'  
 The flow'ry groves of blooming paradise  
 Our gen'ral parents at sweet random stray'd ;  
 Eternal spring breath'd fragrance round their walks,  
 And nature smil'd as hand in hand they took  
 Their unfrequented way. Grateful they pour'd  
 Their hearts in rapture ; — grateful praise was then  
 Religion's better half. Faith was unborn ; —

'Twas rich beatitude of sight, when God,  
 Descending from his throne supernal, gave  
 Illustrious exhibition of himself,  
 Exchanging conference benign with man : —  
 His sov'reign, and his friend ! or, where was Hope  
 When life was bliss, and full possession crown'd  
 All appetite with joy ? Where Charity,  
 Ere discord had a being ; when one pair  
 Compos'd Society ; blest pair, conjoin'd  
 In filken bands of union, woven by  
 Affection pure, and first connubial love ?  
 But lust of science, hell-inspir'd, unhing'd  
 This fabric of felicity ; — behold  
 Eden is wilderness, and man — a worm !  
 See ! this immortal grovels in the dust —  
 And that devotion which was once the vow  
 Of cheerful worship, or the sacrifice  
 Of placid reverence, and filial love,  
 Is now the feeble effort of despair ; —  
 The plaintive moan of guiltiness abash'd ; —  
 The tear of anguish, and the sigh of woe.

Look, thou afflicted, up — It is thy God  
 Uncloth'd with terrors ! mark ! he utters bland

Redemption's word ! With pious eagerness  
Devour those healing sounds ; and catch, O catch  
The balmy dew of grace upon thy soul.

Now Faith unfurls her banner ; at her side  
Hope meekly smiling stands ; while righteous souls  
Burn with impatience to regain the bliss  
By human folly forfeited ; and pant  
Like exiles, longing for their native clime.

But Reason was man's law ; and on the truths  
Traditions handed down from age to age  
Devotion form'd her plan. — As some large stream  
That issues limpid from his parent spring,  
Rolls headlong on, and in his bill'wy sweep  
Contracts foul tinctures from the lands he laves  
In his wide-winding course ; tradition thus,  
Pure from it's fount, deriving in it's flow,  
Collects strange tenets, and exotic whims,  
(Such diabolic artifice suggests,)  
Or from the plastic faculty of man,  
Or from observance heedless ; till at length  
Error ingraff'd upon the stock of truth  
Shoots his luxuriant branch. — Religion shews



Like some delightful, but uncultur'd spot,  
 When desolation lays his wasteful hand  
 Upon its vernal beauties : noisom weeds,  
 And brambly trash usurp the goodly soil  
 Where *Flora* gayly reign'd. — Now kingly pride,  
 And vulgar superstition stored the world  
 With spurious deities ; while man transferr'd  
 To creatures vile the prostrate homage due  
 To the Supreme Creator. He, t' assert  
 His violated honour, and maintain  
 An unadulterate faith, in early days  
 Vouchsaf'd to *Terah's* offspring to impart  
 His name, his will, his promise. — After-times  
 Beheld descending Deity in clouds  
 Of wavy smoke, and spiry-spreading flame ;  
 When on *Mount Sinai's* consecrated brow  
 Th' Almighty Monarch special presence gave  
 To *Israel's* trembling sons ; ten thousand saints,  
 His high retinue, clapp'd their golden wings ;  
 And thunders roar'd ; and nimble lightnings streak'd  
 The gloomy cloud, while the big trumpet's voice  
 Proclaim'd his *fiery law* ; haply that trump  
 Whose louder blast shall from earth's clayey womb  
 Summon all mortals in the flaming day

Of gen'ral consummation. — What should shake  
 Devotion's basis now? — Ev'n he, th' arch-fiend,  
 That, subtle, tainted pure tradition's stream,  
 And alienated first man's wav'ring mind  
 From God to idols. — In a world corrupt,  
*Ifra'l*, by bent of nature ever prone  
 To novelty, and smooth seductions, caught  
 The spirit'al contagion: while a few,  
 Still eminently singular, to heav'n  
 With pureness of affection unestrang'd  
 Paid adorations meet. Illustrious names!  
 Recorded in the sacred page of truth.

But better times succeeded. Hark! methinks  
 Celestial music charms my ravish'd ear!  
*Ifra'l's* "sweet finger" wakes his tuneful lyre  
 To sounds harmonious; in exalted hymns  
 He celebrates Omnipotence; he pours  
 Terror of pious praise; th' angelic hosts  
 Hear with delight, and to God's cloud-wrapt throne  
 Waft the melodious sacrifice. — But see!  
 Ah see! he drops his harp; he sweeps no more  
 The vocal, sprightly strings; he mourns; he droops;  
 He languishes in heaviness of soul. —

Yet movingly he breathes his humblest strains  
Of penitential sorrow; off'ring now  
Contrition's victim in a bleeding heart.

Blest minstrel, whose sweet notes shall one day join  
In unison with heav'n's eternal choir,  
Accept this tribute; thou, whose royal name  
Shall stand conspicuous pattern thro' all time  
Of deep remorse, of penitence unfeign'd,  
Of holy rapture, and triumphal joy.

O! see where beauty in her unfelt snare  
Holds sapience tangled. See! wise *Solomon*  
Led by a smile, and to idol'trous rites  
Decoy'd by soft allurements, and the charms  
Of alien princesses. — See! *Nebat's* son,  
In policy accurs'd, erects his *calves*  
In *Bethel* and in *Dan*; all *Ifra'l* pay  
Devoir to these fictitious deities; —  
Revolters from their king, and from their God!

And now Religion, thro' a length of times  
Adult'rate, and deform, (for what avail'd  
The zeal, the pious fervour of a few?)

Call'd down the vengeance of th' Almighty's arm  
 In visitation various ; till at length  
 The desolating hand of merc'less war  
 Swept *Ifra'l* off, and to a foreign pow'r  
 Captiv'd his recreant tribes. The hosts of God  
 Pine in *Chaldea* : — Yet he left not there  
 Omnipotence unwitness'd : O behold  
 Th' intrepid three, who brave defiance hurl'd  
 In the fierce tyrant's teeth ; serene they walk  
 Thro' undulating flames, that round them play  
 Soft as the breath of spring. Lo ! at their head  
 Smiling in dignity of conscious might,  
 The captain of their cause — the Son of God !  
 See too th' illustrious prophet, envy-doom'd,  
 As in a peaceful grot, by zephyrs lull'd,  
 Sleeps in the lions' den, that frisk, and bound  
 With lamb-like innocence. — Devotion still  
 Disarms grim terror of his properties,  
 And from th' insatiate maw of hungry death  
 Rescues her genuine sons. — Now see again  
 The tribes in peace restor'd ; *Judea* smiles  
 Beneath the hand of culture ; to the view  
 A second temple rises in its pride,  
 And blazing altars to th' eternal throne

Send clouds of fragrancy. — *Jehovah* reigns  
 Unrivall'd by Tartarean deities,  
 Singly confest supreme ; — but taintless faith  
 Secures not pure Devotion. — Num'rous sects  
 Divide old *Jacob's* sons ; while solemn trash  
 Of institutions ritual, shad'wy forms  
 Of ceremonious import, ill-maintain'd  
 By zeal for vain traditions, stood in place  
 Of that high moral law from *Sinai's* brow  
 In pomp of visible Divinity  
 Magnificently taught. — Man worshipp'd God,  
 But serv'd his appetite. — In such a state  
 Of sanctity extern, *MESSIAH* came  
 Claiming the world's allegiance. — Hail ! all hail  
 Our Lawgiver Divine ! Thee usher'd not  
 Or proud imperial ensigns, or the voice  
 Of trumpets in loud symphony, or smoke,  
 Or flaming fire, or thunder's pealing roar : —  
 The tidings of thine advent, *King of Kings*,  
 Placid descending from the realms above,  
 A full-wing'd Seraph bore to simple swains  
 That by the paly glimpses of the moon  
 Tended their fleecy charge ; when sudden join'd  
 That heav'nly harbinger an angel-choir



Hymning the great event, and making night  
 With lucent vision glorious. — Thee proclaim'd  
 In sackcloth, garb of lowly penitence,  
 And in the desert's solitary waste,  
 Thy Baptist-herald ; — loud, *repent*, he cried,  
*Repent* — erecting in the human heart  
 Thy spirit'al domain. O hail ! all-hail  
 Thou greater Baptist ! author of our bliss !  
 Our promis'd Legislator, Saviour, Lord ! —  
 I see, I see thee bleeding on the cross !  
 Thee, universal Passover ! I see  
 The *Prince of Life* expiring ! — It is paid. —  
 The debt enormous by primæval sin  
 Contracted. — It is finished. — Satan falls,  
 Like lightning shooting from th' etherial sky. —  
 Look where he wallows in the fiery gulf  
 Of “ bottomless perdition ; ” — how he rolls  
 His eye with anguish ! and in deep despair  
 Roars like a wounded lion ! Hell rebounds  
 Thro' all her burning caverns. — Horrid scene !  
 O let me turn, and, blithsome, lift my soul  
 Upon the steady wing of soaring faith  
 To happier regions ; those delightful seats  
 (Our blest Redeemer's purchase) where heav'n's saints,

Array'd in robes whiter than maiden snow,  
 And crown'd with *crowns of gold*, joying delights  
 Beyond conception's grasp, to the great Sire  
 Of beings with exalted voices sing  
 Eternal *Hallelujahs*! — Faith has now  
 A firm foundation — Hope an anchor sure —  
 Devotion a new theme. — Like that above,  
 The Christian worship should be uniform,  
 Grave, solemn, fervent, spirit'al, divine!

Thou holy Mother Church, to whom I owe  
 True love, and filial rev'rence, let thy son,  
 Duteous, tho' mean, pay to thine excellence  
 His pious mite of praise. — Light of the world,  
 And *Reformation's* boast! — Envy of *Rome*!  
 And pillar of the Faith! Thee nobly mark  
 Thy doctrines sound; thy worship manly, pure;  
 Thy customs primitive; thy sober rites  
 Significantly decent. — Is there aught  
 Beneath the sacred minstrelsy of heav'n  
 To cheer, to warm, to elevate the soul,  
 Like the religious harmony of choirs  
 Within some temple's venerable pile

On festivals assembled? — With full tone  
 “ The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow ;”  
 Or sweetly modulate their varying notes  
 To voices well-attun’d ; now melody  
 Alternate strikes our ear ; now jointly swells  
 The universal chorus, storming heav’n  
 With holy violence. — Or, if we breathe  
 Devotion’s earnest strains in humbler mode,  
 And unadorn’d simplicity of pray’r,  
 This, this is sacrifice that burns as bright,  
 And, tow’ring, mounts as high. — The soul that sends  
 Her full affections forth in privacy,  
 Shall reap her harvest of eternal joy  
 In sight of worlds. — Ejaculations launch’d  
 By pious zeal amidst a thousand dins  
 Of war and tumult, shall assert their way  
 To the celestial throne. — What mortal knows  
 The mental flights that meditation takes,  
 When, from life’s cares retiring, she enjoys  
 Her closet-musings? — Sometimes lone she strays  
 Along the rocky beach at dead of night,  
 By the moon’s silver lamp, nor heeds the winds  
 That whistle round, nor notes the fullen surge

That beats the pebbled shore. Or, silent, roves  
 Down the sequestred dale where Philomel  
 With melancholy music holds night's ear  
 Attentive to her plaint. Or, takes her stand  
 With folded arms, and moveless eye, beneath  
 Some ivy-mantled battlement, once seat  
 Of a great lord, but now reputed haunt  
 Of fays, and sprites nocturnal. — Yet her thoughts,  
 Which shun man's note, to knowledge infinite  
 Are visible as characters inscrib'd  
 On monumental brass, or works perform'd  
 With ostentatious shew to publick view  
 In the broad eye of day. — Such various forms  
 Assuming, true devotion is the same,  
 Vocal or intellectual. — Ah ! how low,  
 How wild, or how jejune the substitutes  
 Of rational Religion, which the zeal  
 Of superstitious folly has devis'd,  
 Or pious frenzy rais'd ? — Glitt'ring parade,  
 Or affectation of austerity,  
 Is *Roman* godliness ; denoted now  
 By cowls, and beads, and lifted crucifix,  
 Penance, and fast, and cloister'd solitude ; —

And now exhibited in grand display  
 Of superficial pomp. — O what avails  
 This lavishment of splendor? Will a God  
 Of purity immaculate accept  
 The lifeless off'rings of a carnal heart?  
 Or periodic public abstinence  
 Atone for stolen luxury? — Nor more  
 Of reason, or devotion hath the pride  
 Of zealots that in mad fanatic rage  
 Disclaim all government; order renounce;  
 And vent the product of a sickly brain  
 For spirit'al effusions: with wan looks,  
 And gesture wild, and horrible grimace,  
 And clamours strain'd, amidst a staring crowd  
 Dealing damnation. — Keep me, pow'r supreme,  
 Alike from idle faith in fooleries,  
 And from imagination's tenet dire  
 (Child of despair, or pride) that circumscribes  
 Infinity, and with a word\* dethrones  
 Thee from thy MERCY-SEAT. — Give me a faith  
 Stedfast in him that bled! a lively hope!

\* *Predestination.*



An humble confidence ! an ardent love ;  
And cordial charity that knows no bounds !  
Let virtue be my rule, but not my boast : —  
And death my expectation, not my fear.  
Give me to live in peace ; cheerful to wait  
My hour of dissolution ; take my leave  
Of this vain world in smiles ; look up to thee ;  
And in an act of piety expire.

O D E  
F O R  
SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

**H**ARK ! hark ! what harsh and horrid crash I hear ?  
 What jarring discords burst upon mine ear ?  
 'Tis chaos audible ; — and more and more  
     Loud the tumbling waters roar :  
 Anarch tumultuous holds his dreary reign,  
     And o'er the future globe  
 Darkness throws her sablest robe. —  
     But, hark again !  
 Hark to a sweetly-solemn strain,  
     That sooths my aching bosom's pain ;  
 The strain that companies the voice of God :  
 And, as he bids the jarring discords cease,  
     And speaks confusion into peace,

Calms the gath'ring deeps around  
 With harmony of noblest sound;  
 While light, swift-gushing in ethereal streams  
 That from the throne eternal flow'd,  
 Silvers the vast obscure with virgin beams:  
 And bands of rich-plum'd angels in full quire,  
 Sonorous sweeping each his golden lyre,  
 Their purple banners wide unfurl'd,  
 Salute with hymns of joy the birth-day of the world!

C H O R U S,

Musick, essence holy, high,  
 Purest heav'n is thy abode,  
 Thou, coeternal with the Deity  
 And daughter of the voice of God:

II.

Musick, to various ends by wisdom giv'n,  
 Bounty of indulgent heav'n  
 Thro' nature sways without controul;  
 Rouses the passions slumb'ring in the soul,  
 Or stills the mental storms that in the bosom roll.  
 Tuneful measures sweetly move  
 Pleasing throbs of glowing love;

Sadly-pining griefs assuage ;  
 Lull the pains of drooping age ;  
 Smooth the brow of anxious care ;  
 Drive the cloud that wraps despair ;  
 Feelings touch with nicest art,  
 And heave with pity's pants the ruthless heart.

Musick, essence holy, high, &c.

### III.

But when loud clangours sound alarms,  
 And manly musick fires the soul to arms ;  
 When the shrill trumpet's brazen breath  
 Sends thro' the walks of war the blasts of death ;  
 The lofty strain all fear dispels ;  
 Each breast with martial emulation swells ;  
 The troops are eager to engage ;  
 The leaders kindle into rage ;  
 And, warm with longings for a warrior's name,  
 Already see their valiant deeds enroll'd  
 In deathless characters of gold,  
 And wear the palm of fame.  
 Or if pealing organs blow  
 Majestically slow

In well-fill'd quires;  
 Or the tall roof with hallelujahs rings  
 From dulcet voices to the King of Kings,  
 The sacred melody inspires  
 Meek raptures, sober joys, and pure desires:  
 The soul refin'd,  
 And on devotion's wing born high,  
 Asserts her native sky,  
 And soars thro' boundless space, and leaves the  
 world behind.

Musick, essence holy, high, &c.

IV.

Hail, princely *Tubal*! son of *Lamech*, deign  
 To smile upon my grateful strain!  
 Father of earthly musick! fire renown'd!  
 Thee, still with rev'rence let me name,  
 That didst invent the deep-ton'd organ's frame;  
 And teach the vocal strings to greet  
 The list'ning ear with warblings sweet,  
 And charm th' astonish'd world with cheerful sound.

Musick, essence holy, high, &c.



## V.

Say, Muse, who next thy verse shall grace?  
 Or he, the fabled bard of *Thrace*,  
 Whose liquid notes allur'd the woods,  
 And check'd the speed of rapid floods,  
 And tam'd the fierceness of the savage beast,  
 And hush'd the growling tempest into rest,  
 And all th' infernal woes beguil'd; —  
 The furies dropt their snakes, and hell's grim tyrant smil'd:  
 Or he whose lute's attractive call  
 Rais'd the stately *Theban* wall:  
 Or he, musician sweet,  
 That, "at the royal feast for *Perfia* won  
 By *Philip's* warlike son,"  
 From his exalted seat  
 With wond'rous art, by all confess'd,  
 Led the obsequious passions round  
 With magic melody of sound,  
 And moulded at his will the yielding monarch's breast:  
 Or, rather, he who reign'd  
 Vice-gerent of the highest, *Israel's* king,  
 (As<sup>t</sup> are no sweeter muse hath story feign'd,)

*David*, immortal minstrel, skill'd to sing  
*Jehovah's* might omnipotent, and raise  
 To him enthron'd on high  
 In cloud-environ'd majesty  
 Songs sublime, and joyous praise.  
 O with how delicate a touch  
 He wak'd the soft-ton'd lyre  
 That, warbling, heal'd *Saul's* wounded breast,  
 And laid his frantic ire. —  
 Let the great master 'gin to play,  
 And the foul fiend is seiz'd with deep dismay,  
 Owns the commanding sounds, and quits the realms of day.

Musick, essence holy, high, &c.

VI.

Cease, cease hereafter ev'ry strain  
 That breathes an air profane,  
 Loosely gay, and lightly vain ;  
 That may to virtue treach'rous prove,  
 And carnal thoughts with luscious food supply,  
 And aid the board of sumptuous luxury ;  
 Unnerve the soul, and melt to sensual love.

}

Strike me such pow'rful notes as fell  
 From *Miriam's* sacred shell,  
 When at the head of *Israel's* female throng  
 She led the dance, she tun'd the song,  
 While the great Law-giver stood by,  
 And *Jacob's* hosts exulting, late  
 Victorious over *Egypt's* fate,  
 Shook heav'n's blue vault with melody ;  
 Or such as hail'd, after the battle won,  
 The might of *Jesse's* son,  
 Wreath'd with unfading laurels from the blow  
 That laid the proud *Philistine* low :  
 Or cheer me with that loftiness of sound  
 Which brazen cymbals dealt around,  
 When hills and woods, and vallies rung,  
 And psalt'ries play'd, and *Levites* fung,  
 And on their shoulders bore their hallow'd load,  
 The ARK OF GOD :  
 Or lift me into extasy  
 With strains of sacred harmony,  
 Such as when *Solomon* the wise  
 Bade *Jehovah's* temple rise,  
 Charm'd the spheres, and storm'd the skies :  
 'Twas tributary praise ; — a nation's sacrifice ;

Voices sweet-attun'd combin'd,  
 One universal chorus join'd  
 With psalt'ries, and harps, and trumpets loud ;  
 What time, descending in a golden cloud,  
 Glory divine  
 Took possession of the shrine :  
 The priests with awe retiring far away,  
 Impatient of the blaze of that transcendent day.

Musick, essence holy, high, &c.

VII.

O, when the final trumpet's sound  
 Shall shake the frame of nature round ;  
 When that tremendous blast shall spread ; —  
 The musick which shall wake the dead —  
 May I be number'd with the sons of grace  
 That manfully have run their Christian race ;  
 So shall *Cecilia*, sweet harmonious maid,  
 In robe of speckless white array'd,  
 Smiling, take me by the hand,  
 And place me in her tuneful band  
 That shall triumphant mount the starry sky  
 With shouts of joy, and songs of melody ;

[ 70 ]

And fill'd with gladness, peace, and love,  
Join the celestial choir that ceaseless hymns above.

C H O R U S.

Musick, essence holy, high,  
Purest heav'n is thy abode,  
Thou, coeternal with the Deity,  
And daughter of the voice of God!



H Y M N  
T O T H E  
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

PSALM civ. &c. &c.

LAUD to the Highest! laud to him enthron'd  
In dignity supreme; array'd  
In uncreated light, as with a robe  
Flowing redundant: — look th' Almighty's hand  
Wide throws the bursting clouds,  
That, curtain-like, heav'n's pure expanse  
Veil'd from all sight; and to a thousand worlds  
Unfolds at large  
His pomp, and blaze of Majesty Divine.

II.

Deep beneath Ocean's vast abyss,  
Profound unmeasurable, lies

The base of God's unshaken throne !  
 Behold ! he lifts him in his might, and now  
 Ascends the golden clouds, up-born sublime  
 In his etherial chariot ; now  
 Descends, and on the rapid pinions of the wind  
 Walks in imperial state.

## III.

Myriads of tribes angelic, countless hosts  
 Of spirits, fiery natures, watch  
 Thy high behests, Creator ; thee  
 Thy flaming legions, train august,  
 Tended with wond'ring eye, what time thou bad'st,  
 The pillars of this ample universe  
 Rise from dark chaos ; all was wat'ry waste,  
 And wild confusion, and rude din,  
 'Till thy commanding voice,  
 Thy thunder's roar, rebuk'd  
 That elemental war : — th' affrighted floods  
 Flew to their channels ; earth appear'd  
 Cloth'd in her mantle green ; and at thy word  
*Order* came graceful forth, and infant *Beauty* smil'd.

IV.

Thy pow'r omnipotent that wak'd  
 Insensate nature into birth  
 Can with a breathe dissolve it ; — when man's guilt  
 Clamour'd for vengeance, thou didst ope  
 Heav'n's windows, and the flood-gates of the deep  
 Uplifting, let *Destruction* forth  
 To ravage all abroad. Deluge involv'd  
 Creation's noble work. Death had not known  
 Repast so rich before. Or, if thou list'st  
 Thine arm in local wrath,  
 Fell *Desolation* in an instant flies  
 Thy dread commission to fulfil,  
 Wrapt in celestial flame, and sheets of fire. —  
*Gomorrhah* smokes to heav'n !

V.

O thou preserver of that world which grew  
 Beneath thy plastic hand,  
 Guardian of *Isra'ls* sons,  
 Terror of *Jacob's* foes,  
 My glowing bosom throbs with strong desire

To celebrate thy name ; —  
 Thy prowess to deliver down  
 In monumental verse to future times. —  
 How marvellous was thy puissant arm  
 In *Memphian* ruins ? — Now, on eastern blasts  
 Born high, vast clouds of locusts sweep  
 Thro' air, eclipsing day. Spring mourns  
 His plunder'd fruitage. Now, proud *Nile*,  
 Rolling his crimson waves, laments  
 His scaly sons expiring. Now  
 Dire Hail, down-pour'd in clutt'ring cataracts,  
 And Fire, his ruddy mate, devour  
 All summer's pride. Now Ocean wraps  
 The flow'r of *Egypt* in his wave,  
 Ingulfing thousands ; while thy hosts  
 Their harness'd squadrons moving on with pace  
 Solemn and slow,  
 In firm array  
 March'd 'twixt the crystal battlements,  
 Their banners gayly waving to the sun,  
 Hymning all-joyful to thy praise,  
*Jehovah*, — victor Lord — glory's triumphant King.

VI.

How did paternal Providence sustain  
 A nation in the wilderness  
 With bread mirac'lous — nourishment of Gods  
 And Spirits incorporeal. — Down  
 In heaps on heaps descending fell  
 The feather'd food,  
 Diurnal sustenance, that strew'd the camp  
 Plenteous as *Lybian* dust, or sands  
 That line the shelvy beach. — When drought  
 Choak'd the parch'd soil, the smitten rock  
 In copious streams discharg'd  
 His liquid treasures, and a thousand rills  
 Purl'd thro' the burning plain. The year reviv'd,  
 And all was sprightly joy, and all was laughing spring.

VII.

But Nature in her constant course proclaims  
 Her origin divine.  
 The sun, bright ruler of the day; —  
 The moon, fair regent of the night; —  
 The stars, heav'n's host innumerable, roll



Their glitt'ring orbs in revolutions true,  
 From century to century, and shall,  
 'Till he, that lighted first, shall quench their fires.  
*Spring* heads the seasons, leading in his hand  
 His lusty children ; *Health* that hails the morn  
     With roseate cheek ; and *Strength* that stalks  
     With giant strides, and brow erect ;  
 And *Beauty*, queen of *May* ; while *Flora* strews  
     His verdant path with violets ;  
     And the wing'd habitants of air  
 Greet him with matin song. — Next *Summer* shews  
 His sun-burnt countenance ; with genial heat  
     Warming the vegetable world.  
     Thunder, lightning, fable storm  
 Wait on his pleasure ; armies that defend  
     His sultry reign from pestilence  
     That still annoys his borders. — Now  
     *Autumn*, great lord of harvest, sends  
     His swarthy labour'rs to collect  
     The various tribute of the year.  
 He stores his granaries with golden grain ;  
 And in possession of earth's riches, smiles  
 At *Winter's* stern approach ; tho' *Winter's* self,  
     Arm'd as he is with sharp-fang'd frost,

And barbed hail, and smoth'ring snow,  
 Locks weary nature up in sleep  
 Profound with friendly hand,  
 In vigour fresh  
 To be re-wak'd by *Spring*. — Thou Nature's Lord  
 Benign, as mighty ; good, as great ;  
 How does this wonderful vicissitude  
 Lift thy all-glorious name !

VIII.

What language shall recite  
 Thy wonders, or thy mercies, in  
 The navigable deeps,  
 Where active *Commerce* spreads her daring wing,  
 Visiting round the globe. Behold !  
 How swift yon vessel speeds it's course,  
 And skims along the level of the main. —  
 But sudden winds unseen  
 Creep from their caverns dark,  
 Whistling insidious. Now they swell  
 With rougher blast ; and now  
 Bellow with hideous voice, and dreadful roar.  
 Quick flit the fleecy clouds ; the wat'ry *South*  
 Conducts the gloomy storm ; deep thunders roll

With angry rumblings; lightning shoots  
 His vivid flash, streaking the floods  
 With gleams of fire. — The winds the helpless bark  
 Toss like a feather; now she rides  
 Upon the surge to heav'n; now down she drops  
 To earth's deep centre. — Who shall still this rage?  
 Thou that didst silence chaos. — At thy beck  
 Tumult and uproar cease; the winds  
 Forget to blow; the sea his waves  
 Smooths to a plain; and *Phæbus* spreads around  
 The comfortable blaze of cloudless day.

IX.

O thou, preserver of whatever breathes  
 The common vital air,  
 Man, beast, fowl, fish, or reptile — all  
 Thy providence munificent confers. —  
 Thou dealest plenty with a lib'ral hand: —  
 The feather'd songsters grateful chaunt  
 Thy praises, pouring liquid melody  
 From their aerial seats.  
 The beasts that slake their eager thirst  
 At many a stream, that winds  
 His silver current thro' the vale,

Know their preserver. Loud  
 The lion's princely youngling roars,  
 Seeking his food from thee. When slumber seals  
 Man's eye, and night imbrowns the world  
 With dreary gloom,  
 The forest sends his savage natives forth  
 Roaming for prey. They know their hour  
 Pre-destin'd ; and when morning marks  
 The welkin with her blush, conscious retire  
 At once, resigning day.  
 Nor less their bounteous Maker own  
 The finny multitudes, that dwell  
 The wat'ry regions ; from the smallest fry  
 That writhe, like insects, their exiguous forms  
 To huge leviathan,  
 Lord of the floods, that rolls his stately bulk  
 Sporting in Ocean ! Let not man be last  
 In grateful homage, whose distinguish'd race  
 Stands first in favour. 'Tis for him  
 Nature abounds with wealth. For him  
 Earth, air, and sea are peopled. 'Tis for him  
 The sun impregns the glebe ; the cloud distils  
 The fatness, and the joyful valley sings.  
 For him the ground, rewarding culture's toil,

Abundant yields the wheaten grain,

Strengthner of human hearts.

For him the grape swells with nectareous juice,

Cordial of life, that sooths

Our nat'ral griefs, and gladdens worldly care. —

Laud then to him Most High! And while

Creation joins in gen'ral chorus, thou,

O thou, praise God my soul.



## A

## MORNING THOUGHT.

**N**IGHT in her sablest mantle had close wrapt  
 The peaceful world ; and, o'er the lid of toil  
 His heavy mace slow-waving, down-rob'd sleep  
 Held mortals bound in his oblivious chain ;  
 When chanticleer, first herald that proclaims  
 Returning day, soon as the grey-ey'd dawn  
 Sprinkles with scanty beams the mountain's brow,  
 Pour'd thro' his out-stretched neck his shrilling notes,  
 Startling the reign of silence. I awoke,  
 And gave my still attention to the call  
 Of this quotidian monitor. Methought  
 His summons typified those final sounds  
 That shall hereafter from death's leaden sleep  
 Arouse all nations ; when the *trump of God*  
 Shall vent it's blast sonorous, louder than  
 The brazen voice of clarions when they blow  
 Prologue to battle ; or the rattling roar

## G

Of twice ten thousand thunders ; while big shouts  
 Of angels, and arch-angels rend the frame  
 Of universal nature. — How my soul  
 Hangs hov'ring o'er the thought ! — And now the sun  
 Threw wide the windows of the blushing east,  
 And led the new-born day. Delighted Spring  
 Look'd cheerfully, and welcom'd his fair orb  
 With all her fragrance ; whilst the feather'd tribes  
 In various strains, and warblings sweetly wild,  
 Hail'd his enliv'ning splendor. — Glorious scene !  
 Yet, what is this to that transcendent blaze,  
 That lustre pure, refin'd, ineffable,  
 Which shall invest the *Sun of righteousness*  
 At his last awful advent ? — What is this ? —  
 'Tis dusk, 'tis cloud, 'tis shade, 'tis pitchy night ! —  
 Now opes the scene of immortality, —  
 Prospect stupendous ! — Nature's dying-day  
 Is birth-day to a life unknowing end ! —  
 Inquire then, O my soul, where, where is now  
 The pageantry of pow'r, the vaunt of pride  
 And high ambition grasping at the globe ?  
 Where now the fame of *Cæsar* ? — Where the flow'rs  
 That laughing pleasure so profusely strew'd  
 Before youth's roving eye ? — Or, where the wealth

That swell'd the bags of av'rice? — Where the cares  
 That harass'd manhood, and o'erloaded age?  
 The film which *Zephyr* sweeps from yonder bud  
 Hath substance more compact. — Come then, my soul,  
 Heirefs of bliss, survivor of the worlds,  
 Prepare thee for thine audit. — Stretch thy view  
 Beyond this span of being, into lengths  
 Illimitable; — from heav'n's wardrobe take  
 The *garments of salvation*, wear the *robe*  
 Of *righteousness*, begird thyself with *truth*,  
 Put on array more brilliant than e'er deck'd  
 Bridegroom apparell'd for his nuptial hour,  
 And DRESS this morning for eternity.

A  
T H O U G H T

That occurred to the AUTHOR in passing through  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THESE solemn scenes all lighter thoughts controul—  
They are an entertainment for the soul!  
Awe corrects pleasure. — Round I throw my eyes,  
And ages past to recollection rise.  
Kings, patriots, sages, heroes, bards appear —  
Sure all that's great and good was buried here! —  
If tombstones tell us truth, that prose, those rhymes  
Are strong reproaches on the present times. —  
But if they lie — the fulsom'st thing that's said  
To sooth the living ; but insults the dead. —  
I feel emotions warm my bosom raise  
At this profusion of licentious praise. —  
Is there a God above who does not know  
Our virtues, 'till they're sculptur'd here below ?

The best with labour earn immortal bliss —  
Look here — and not a creature does amiss.

When these bold *Gothic* buildings shall decay,  
And monuments themselves shall mould away ;  
When time resistless shall destroy our bust,  
And blot the verse that dignifies our dust ;  
When marble records shall no more declare  
That *Newton, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden*, were ; —  
Then virtue clear'd, and vice abash'd, shall prove  
Our characters are *drawn, at their full-length, above.*



TO A  
W O R M  
WHICH THE  
AUTHOR ACCIDENTALLY TRODE UPON.

**M**ETHINKS thou writhest as in rage ; —  
But, dying reptile, know,  
Thou ow'st to chance thy death ! — I scorn  
To crush my meanest foe.

Anger, 'tis true, and justice stern  
Might fairly here have place. —  
Are not thy subterraneous tribes  
Devourers of our race ?

On princes they have richly fed,  
When their vast work was done ;  
And monarchs have regal'd vile worms,  
Who first the world had won.

Let vengeance then thine exit cheer,  
Nor at thy fate repine :  
Legions of worms (who knows how soon ?)  
Shall feast on me, and mine.

TO A  
YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE,  
WITH AN  
ALMANACK.

YOUNG friend of twenty, ent'ring fresh  
A world of care and strife;  
Read in the circle of the year  
A lecture upon life.

Thou think'st Time halts on leaden feet,  
Tho' Time is on the *wing*;  
Nor see'st a Winter to thy days,  
Because 'tis yet but Spring.

Now dimpled pleasure to thy view  
Presents scenes bright and gay; —  
But thorns invest the sweetest flow'rs  
That paint the bloomy May.

Ambition will thy manly prime  
 Allure with many a call ;  
 As Summers cherish golden fruits  
 That ripen but to fall.

Wealth to thy waning age, belike,  
 Shall glitt'ring hoards display : —  
 But Autumn's still, tho' plenty crown'd,  
 The season of decay.

Old Age is Winter ; — Winter brings  
 Indeed a cheerless hour :  
 Where now is vernal beauty ? — Where  
 Is pleasure, pomp, or pow'r ?

The Seasons then may teach thy youth  
 To form the prudent plan. —  
 An *Almanack* will serve to shew  
 The chequer'd state of man.

Look down the margent of each month ; —  
 Observe the weather's train ; —  
 Now *calm*, and *clear*, attract your eye,  
 Now *cloud*, and *wind*, and *rain*.

So joys and cares thro' various life

Altern emotions raise ; —

'Twere folly to expect to bask

In sunshine all your days. —

'Tis worth your pains to mark (for sure

'Twill rouse an honest pride)

That regal list ; — you'll see what kings

Were born, and reign'd, and died.

*Here's* all th' account of what they did,

Or worthy, or amiss : —

Dear youth, secure a fairer page

Of History than *this*.

May no dishonest, paltry deed

Obstruct thy road to fame ;

No baseness *visibly eclipse*

The splendor of thy name.

So shalt thou flourish in renown

Amongst the good, and great ;

So reap eternal bliss, when time

Itself is *out of date*.



T H E  
B A R O M E T E R.

IN things quite out of common guess  
Strong emblems oft you'll find :  
The *atmosphere*, for instance, shews  
The race of womankind.

Sallies of rage, and passion's gusts  
Some female breasts deform ;  
And these are well denoted by  
Much *tempest* and loud *storm*.

By vapours press'd, with *clouded* brow,  
And still in weeping vein,  
Your tender, melting things, methinks,  
Are typified by *rain*.

Most of the sex inconstant are ;  
     Fickle from high to low ; —  
 As weather in this clime too oft  
     Is *changeable* you know.

If smiles give life to beauty's cheek  
     All gay and debonair,  
 'Tis like the face of nature, when  
     The glass is up at *fair*.

But when Religion womanhood  
     Adorns with graces rare ;  
 Good-humour has a basis sure ;  
     And then 'tis — *settled fair*.

T H E  
L O O K I N G - G L A S S .

**S**YLVIA, so pleas'd thy time to pass  
 Before thy faithful *looking glass* ;  
 Happy that figure to survey ;  
 That graceful mien ; that aspect gay ;  
 And ruby lip, and speaking eye ;  
 For which so many lovers die :  
 And studious, what Dame Nature lent  
 To aid with art and ornament ;  
 Say, should small-pox (you've known the case)  
 Make depredations on thy face ;  
 Or sanguine pimples flush thy cheek  
 So fair, so bloomy, and so sleek ;  
 Or casualties, or nat'ral harms  
 Despoil thy all-triumphant charms ;  
 Shouldst thou not droop, and pout, and fret,  
 A victim to continual pet,

With aching heart the loss deplore,  
And loath the glass you now adore.

O then, since doubtless soon or late  
Decay is transient beauty's fate,  
*Sylvia*, think that instruction kind  
That cautions thee to *deck thy mind*,  
And graces cultivate with care  
Time *may* improve, but *can't* impair.

'Tis universally confest  
There is a *mirror* in the *breast*,  
Which what we say, or think, or do,  
Exhibits in *reflection* true. —  
'Twere prudent to look into *this*,  
To know what's right, and what's amiss.  
If virtue, innocence, and truth,  
(*Habits* which best become our youth)  
Should strike at once your searching sight,  
Tongue can't describe your pure delight.  
If *flushes* of unchaste desire,  
*Paleness* of envy, passion's *fire*,  
Swellings of vanity and pride,  
Or moral *blemishes* beside,

Appear; — O *Sylvia*, thou wilt see  
 With grief thy soul's *deformity*. —  
 But still remember, art and care,  
 Which never can a face repair,  
 Will for *these spots* sure *washes* find : —  
 There are *cosmetics* for the *mind*. —  
 Ah! then regard a friend sincere;  
 Bestow your first attention *here* :  
 In this wise search your mornings pass,  
 And Conscience be — your *Looking-glass*.



## V A N I T Y.

## A S A T I R E.

O For the manly wrath, the noble rage  
 That pointed ev'ry verse in ev'ry page  
 Of angry *Juvenal*; — or the keen stroke  
 Of *Horace*, whose severity of joke  
 Laid folly low, and knav'ry brought to shame;  
 Or the satiric Muse of equal name  
 That fir'd immortal *Pope*'s prolific brain,  
*Young*'s nervous line, and *Dryden*'s cutting strain:  
 Our age is mark'd with fool'ries that would call  
 For the best wit, or blackest spleen of all!

'Tis *Vanity* that all the world can draw;  
 It hath the force of Gospel, and of law.  
 Amongst old *Adam*'s offspring there's no strife  
 Like that of shining in this mortal life.

It is the thought, the plan, the dream, the whole  
 Wish, and ambition of the worldling's soul :  
 This one grand aim we steadily pursue,  
 As inclination points, and — whimsy too. —  
 Some hope respect, or envy to engage  
 With novelty, or glare of equipage.  
 Time was, precursors could our worth proclaim,  
 And running-footmen tript us into fame.  
 Now with parade more solemn we approach,  
 And servants hang in clusters to the coach.  
 One keeps smart grooms, fine steeds, and coursers able :—  
 The temple of his fame is his own stable !  
 Another nobly lives, with splendor treats,  
 And man becomes immortal — as he eats !  
 These Taste in lofty palaces display,  
 And we have *Babels* building ev'ry day.  
 Who but his daring fancy must approve  
 That without *faith* whole mountains can remove ? —  
 Or bids new streams in unknown channels go,  
 And teaches wand'ring rivers where to flow ?  
 Nature subdued to skilful labour yields,  
 And barren heaths commence *Elysian* fields.  
 “ How, Sir ! all state, all art, all works deride ? ”  
 Mistake not — 'tis not *use* I blame — but *pride*.

The things heav'n sends us are commodious things ;  
 And princes born should live like *sons of kings*.  
 Steeds, chariots, villas, suit the man of sense ;  
 They are his comforts ; not his excellence.  
 Life should be decent ; grand, as means afford ;—  
 What is so little as a little Lord ?  
 A noble spirit marks the great and wise :  
 But Monarchs self-sufficient I despise.  
 Nay, fruits of bold design just praise command  
 When *Genius* takes *Convenience* by the hand,  
 And what is undertook is understood.  
 The true projector is a publick good. —  
*Bridgewater's* name shall glide thro' ev'ry age ;  
 And makes a glorious botch in *Satire's* page.

Look round the surface of the globe, you'll see  
 Nought more contagious is than Vanity.  
 All pant with longings to be rich and great,  
 And emulate their betters — in estate.  
 Pomp is our idol ; we indulge in show ;  
 Appearance is the only thing below.  
 For this we toil, watch, cozen, forge, swear, lie. —  
 There is no sin on earth but poverty.

Nay more, we yield to be distress'd for this ;  
 Make our own troubles ; and in seeming bliss  
 Labour with grievance real. *Crispus* clear  
 Hath less than twice two hundred pounds a year.  
 Yet, little as such substance will afford,  
 He eats, drinks, whores, and gambles with my lord :  
 Among the foremost shines at balls or play,  
 For ever anxious, and for ever gay.  
 And now he riggles 'neath the gripe of law ;  
 And mortgage on his lands lays iron paw :  
 Ills upon ills beset his harass'd life ;  
 He hears in tortures a complaining wife ;  
 He storms ; he curses ; throws the blame on fate ;  
 While duns incessant thunder at his gate ;  
 His folly is reflection's endless theme ;  
 Care haunts his walk ; and horror rides his dream ;  
 'Till at the last all his misfortunes meet  
 In one, and *Crispus* figures — in the *Fleet*.

Few see the sorrows that with splendors mix,  
 Can man be wretched with a coach and fix ?  
 Such sentiment the worldly fool reveals  
 Who thinks there is no woe but *that* he feels.

At least to keep a carriage and a pair  
Is requisite for decency, — and *air*.  
Borne thro' some country town, th' admiring throng  
Believe us great ones as we whirl along.  
All eyes behold us when we gaily roam ;  
But we can keep our miseries at home. —  
Pride, how prepos't'rous is thy burning itch ?  
Sure people should have riches to be rich !



'Tis not in common language to express  
The pleasure or the privilege of dress !  
It is the most commodious thing on earth ; —  
It covers exigence ; supposes birth ;  
Supplies defect of dignity, or grace ;  
And gives to impudence itself a face !  
Mortals of lofty spirits, when unknown,  
Command attention from their garb alone ;  
And ere to-day, by virtue of fine cloaths,  
Tailors have danc'd, and barbers rank'd with beaus.  
You'll scarce discern, as cases may be laid,  
Between a countess and a chamber-maid.  
Both seem alike well-drest, alike well-bred,  
And painted streamers wave from either head.



Some taste and judgment must detect a cheat —  
The filks of *Ludgate-Hill* and *Monmouth-Street*  
Glow with an equal tint to vulgar eyes :  
And often our best ornaments are lies.

Sometimes (as soon a story shall explain)  
Just disappointment mortifies the vain.  
A lawyer's dapper clerk of slender skill  
(Who brandish'd with reluctant hand the quill)  
Was pert, and proud ; talk'd much, but little meant : —  
In short, his coat — was his accomplishment. —  
I mean his first, for he could sing, and dance,  
'Take snuff, read novels, and discourse of *France* }  
With fluency — of insignificance.  
Full oft he pass'd, in splendor of attire,  
For what he pleas'd ; — lord, baronet, or 'squire ; —  
A man of taste, and elegance refin'd ;  
One that had studied life, and knew mankind. —  
It happen'd once, as anecdotes declare,  
(What boots it, my good reader, when or where ?)  
Our hero inn'd in a snug country-town. —  
(The house, for rhyme-sake, we will call the *Crown* ;)  
“ What noise was that ? ” “ Th' assembly's held to night.”  
His ear devours the tidings with delight ? —

Suppose we now all previous matters set  
 In order, and this *belle assembly* met.  
 Our stranger spruce, and trim, and debonair,  
 Attracts respect; — the chief male figure there.  
 Among the females with superior grace  
 Of person, and soft symmetry of face,  
*Vanessa* shone — the swain that sees her dies; —  
 Nothing her dress outsparkles — but her eyes:  
 Her lovely head a load of plumage bore;  
 Such as we read old *Homer's* heroes wore:  
 Sweetly she prattled, while attention hung  
 Upon the pretty lisplings of her tongue. —  
 All-conscious of commanding charms she moves,  
 And round her skipt a train of little loves.

Our spark, who ever thought it bounden duty  
 To prostrate to pre-eminence of beauty,  
 And in this fair-one could distinctly see  
 Virtue, wit, breeding, fortune, family,  
 Humbly the favour of her hand implores  
 To join the dance, — enjoys it, and adores!  
 Now in her ear he labours to impart  
 His fervent love, and throbbings of his heart:

In whispers owns her beauty's sov'reign pow'r;  
 Like a bee buzzing round some maiden flow'r!  
 Hops, smiles, sighs, ogles, moans, yet joys his pains;  
 Like a tame monkey frisking in his chains!  
 Full he appears to all her slave confess,  
 And envy tortures ev'ry female breast.

Well-pleas'd *Vanessa* hails this happy night;  
 Her bosom flutters with the dear delight;  
 And to herself, in native pride, says she,  
 This is indeed a conquest worthy me!

The bell beats twelve; the hour of parting's come;  
 And now the universal word is — home. —  
 (For country-girls are not like city-jades  
 That waste the live-long night at masquerades.)  
 Our 'squire officious will conduct his fair  
 To her nigh-neighb'ring mansion — his fond care  
 Reluctant she declines — he still insists —  
 In forms a lover does the thing he lists. —

O! mark how soon realities destroy  
 The neatest fabric of ideal joy, —

Soon as they reach'd her father's clumsy doors,  
 The surly guardian of his leather stores,  
 With barkings loud assails our wooers ear ;  
 Above in painted rows *boots, shoes* appear ;  
 He smokes his fair plebeian ; " pretty dear,  
 " Remember me to *Crispin*." — rude he cries,  
 And, scornful, from his pouting charmer flies. —  
 Yet, justly neither party could complain ; —  
 No lady, she ; and he, no gentle swain.

Time was (will such a time be known again ?)  
 When only gentry liv'd like gentlemen : —  
 When people dress'd, and fed like what they were ;  
 And income was the rule of daily fare :  
 When housewifery the decent pantry stor'd,  
 And prudence order'd the convivial board ;  
 Most tables were supplied with ease — for why ?  
 Pudding, and beef, and beer, was luxury ! —  
 Each social dinner now must be a treat : —  
 And there are thousands study — what to eat !

Lo ! Vanity her various charms displays —  
 How rich, how beautiful your side-board's blaze ! —

Promise of high repast! Th' expectants feel  
 Complacence, and premeditate the meal.  
 Now sav'ry viands well-arrang'd appear;  
 The fight an alderman himself might cheer;  
 In turns the bounties of the season smoke;  
 And costly wines fresh appetite provoke.  
 The guests profusely in your praise descant:—  
 This, how superb! and that, how elegant!  
 The point is gain'd; you reach the wish'd-for fame;  
 And all — but *creditors* applaud your name.

There are those half-bred dames whose mode is such,  
 They plague by being civil overmuch.  
 Simp'ring they do the honours of the feast. —  
 “ Sir, can you make a dinner? — I protest  
 There's nothing to be got. — You'll sadly fare. —  
 Pray, taste the pheasant; — will you try the hare? ”  
 We sooth our vanity a hundred ways: —  
 Unjust abuse is the high road to praise.  
 But such impertinence is strangely vain,  
 And tho' no vice will tease us more than ten.

Facts are sure vouchers; else you'd swear I dream.—  
 'Tis wonderful what folks will do to *seem*.



One cornice will a ream of paper waste ;  
 And brilliant di'monds are compos'd of paste :  
 Glafs stands for china ; and the maffy weight  
 Of burnish'd candlesticks is — *pure French plate.*  
 Some entertain you by mere dint of force ; —  
 And will almost *create* a second course.  
 With a few difhes they their friends regale,  
 But they are twenty if you go by tale.  
 Here couch'd in falt four eggs attract your eye ;  
 And there a leafh of fwarthy walnuts lie ;  
 Here fhreds of butter neatly fhav'd appear ;  
 And half a dozen olives juffle there.

Nay, at fome tables of the great, we know,  
 Provisions enter lefs for ufe than fhew.  
 Day after day the formal board they grace :  
 You might fuppose each viand knew its place : —  
 They are the ftanding difhes of the year ;  
 Not part of, but th' *appendix* to your cheer :  
 Nothings are potted ! nought's beneath that lid ; —  
 The whole is handsome, but one half forbid.  
 My Lady thefe by law of uſage gives ; —  
 -They are not eatables, but *expletives.*

I've heard of dainties (if truth some aver)  
Which he who carves must be a *carpenter* ; —  
*Viz.* — fowls, tongues, sundry articles of wood,  
Perpetual representatives of food !

'Tis lofty precedent that makes us fools,  
And thro' the world fantastic fashion rules ;  
We set no limits to our vain desires ;  
'Squires rival lords, and yeomen rival 'squires,  
Is it in Christian patience to endure  
High-life burlesqu'd, and state in miniature ?  
Some domes are neat, and some excel in glory ;  
But ev'ry handbox has its attic story.  
A rambler oft in his excursions fees  
Two crooked sticks form a *chevaux de frise*.  
Meandering streamlets are from ditches made ;  
And spouts low-bending dribble a cascade !  
Pebbles, and moss, and beads together got  
Are *Merlin's* cavern, or *Calypso's* grot.  
Sometimes a *pasteboard* bridge displays it's show,  
O'er the dull muddy brook that creeps below.

'Tis foolery too gross to be deny'd,  
When Avarice goes hand in hand with Pride :

Then hoarded gold is rather squeeze'd than spent ;  
 We are half-mean, and half magnificent.  
*Miffello's* seat to common view will shew  
 Like *Wilton's* splendour, or the pomp of *Stowe*.  
 There niggard Vanity has play'd his part,  
 And awkward Labour sav'd the costs of Art.  
 Grim *Tritons* there in empty basons play,  
 And *Neptune* scorches in the noon-tide ray.  
 A meek-ey'd *Pallas* grasps her harmless spear,  
 And ghastly *Cupids* like young imps appear.  
*Diana* looks most smirking, and most civil,  
 And *Venus* is as ugly as the d——l.  
 A shatter'd green-house feebly lengthens there,  
 Tott'ring with age, and groaning for repair :  
 There broken slates, and many a crazy pane  
 With hospitable gap invite the rain :  
 While sick exotics shake as *Eurus* blows,  
 And myrtles droop beneath oppressive snows.  
 Here pictures bought at auctions boast no names,  
 But strike th' admiring eye with — tawdry frames.  
 Fine drawings are expensive, useless stuff ;  
 The rooms are *fitted up* — and that's enough.  
 Or thick-daub'd portraits which your sight abhors  
 Will pass extremely well for ancestors !

Yet may one plea *Misfello's* fame secure ; —  
 He is a *chapman*, not a *connoisseur*,  
 And understands not *taste* in *furniture*. }

Look round about, and thousands you will see  
 Vain of a little *spriggy* pedigree. —  
 In *Wales* high birth is ev'ry native's claim,  
 And num'rous tribes exult in *Tudor's* name. —  
*Dick* lets us know with triumph of delight  
 His grandfire's second cousin was a knight,  
 An alderman, a sheriff, and lord mayor ; —  
 Elate with this connection, *Dick* will stare,  
 Strut, cock his hat, affect the man of note,  
 And now his honour pawn, and now — his coat.  
 As big as Nobles look, most folks agree  
 A little blood may serve a family :  
 As a few sanguine drops the tide will stain,  
 And roll a tinctur'd current to the main.  
 There are, experience shews, who cannot trace  
 One ancestor to dignify their race,  
 Nor yet have worth, or spirit to make known  
 A gallant deed, or virtue of their own.  
 No creatures so deserving are of scorn,  
 Except the sc—ndr—ls that are highly born,

Who basely to all sense of honour lost,  
 Disgrace their birth, and blot the line they *boast*.  
 Were we to judge by practice, sure some hold  
 That merit is transferrable like gold;  
 That virtue thro' all progeny will run,  
 And fame, like land, descend from son to son.

Nay, stranger still, where vice and folly reign,  
 Monstrous effect! — the wicked will be vain!  
 Let bold corruption once invert all rules  
 The best, are madmen; and the wisest, fools.  
 'Mongst libertines, that systems can unmake,  
 Men will be vile — for reputation's sake!  
 Have we not liv'd flagitious seats to see  
 Vaunted by coxcombs in iniquity?  
 Have we not mark'd in this licentious town  
 Rakes in esteem, and r—sc—ls of renown?

O come Religion, thy soft balm impart,  
 To melt into remorse each harden'd heart!  
 Religion come, and with thy strong controul  
 Allay this raging fever of the soul!  
 Present to Faith's weak sight, and guilt-dimm'd eye  
 An awful picture of the God most high!



Present him great, and good, and wise, and just,  
 'Till mortals humble carnal pride in dust ; —  
 Renounce false pleasure ; — sensual joys forego ;  
 And tremble at the gulf that yawns below !

Come Reason, come, and with thy sober ray  
 Enlighten minds by fopp'ry led astray ; —  
 Teach us to form each scheme by judgment's plan,  
 Assert ourselves, and live the life of man :  
 Teach us to rise, or sink in our desires,  
 As station warrants, or as need requires.  
 Affecting to be great, we laughter move ; —  
 Aspiring to be good, we challenge love ; —  
 Virtue can never low, or mean appear,  
 And ev'ry peasant may adorn his sphere.  
 The souls of honest men with scorn look down  
 On unearn'd greatness, and a tarnish'd crown,  
 At that perhaps advancing dreadful day,  
 When wealth shall melt, and grandeur mould away,  
 Who's good — who's bad — Omniscience shall enquire,  
 And all distinctions but that one expire. —  
 E'en Reason dictates this — the doctrine's plain —  
 Mark, think, reflect, and, if thou canst — be vain.

C O X C O M B S.

A S A T I R E.

'TIS foolish from propriety to swerve. —  
 The maxim most admit, but few observe.  
 All censure when absurdities are big;  
 You'd laugh to see a Bishop dance a jig:  
 And yet time is, a curious eye might see  
 Something almost as wrong in you or me.  
 For more or less, throughout, from great to small,  
 There is an *affectation* in us all.  
 Our neighbours inconsistencies are shewn  
 In glaring light; but self-love hides our own;  
 Or kindly from our conduct takes all blame; —  
 Fools call that *credit*, which the wise call *shame*.

“ Well, all extremes are wrong.” ’Tis granted,  
 brother;  
 And therefore one's as blameful as another.

Do but survey him, and from top to toe  
 You'll find *Will Tinsel* an accomplish'd beau !  
 A simple, plain-clad man would ne'er divine  
 How much it is *Will's* glory to be fine ;  
 He studies neatness daily, early, late,  
 And in his dress is most *immaculate*. —  
 O touch him not — for pity come not nigh  
 For he will crumble like a butterfly !  
 He trembles if a breeze just stirs a feather,  
 And dares not wag an inch in rainy weather.  
 He shrinks from cold, or heat ; by both undone ;  
 As tulips must be screen'd from wind and sun.  
 He scents the atmosphere, and all he meets  
 Poisons with fragrancy ; — he *stinks* of sweets !  
 Whene'er this fribbler comes across your sight,  
 You term him Coxcomb, and you term him right.  
 But some there are who as absurdly shew,  
 The very contrast to this brittle bean ;  
 And they are Coxcombs too, I'd have you know.

*Dick Loutly* so neglectful is of dress  
 He will torment your eye with nastiness : —  
 His hands are dirty ; greasy are his chops ;  
 His beard's a bramble ; and his wig a copse ;

Your house-maid frets whene'er she sees him come ;  
 He's worse than twenty spaniels in a room.  
 Elab'rate spruceness gives a man the spleen ;  
 Yet we were all created *to be seen* !  
 In short, the Muses no extremes will spare —  
 We loath alike a monkey and a bear :  
 Let *medium* be the rule ; I would not stop  
 Or at a dunghill, or perfumer's shop ;  
 There's odds (for illustrations offer pat)  
 Betwixt rank *Reynard* and a *Civet-cat*.

By usage we deem coxcomb, fop, or beau,  
 While ev'ry man that's *singular* is so.  
 Would you be sure your conduct shall not err —  
 The point is still to act in character.  
 Ambition should be taught to reason well ; —  
 For some have fail'd by meaning to excel.

*Charles of the North* (a memorable name)  
 Wish'd to surpass the *Macedonian's* fame ;  
 The *Greek* luxurious quaff'd wines strong and rich ;  
 The *Swede* would guzzle water from a ditch ;  
 That in gay *Persian* robes attracted note ;  
 This was distinguish'd by a thread-bare coat ;

One dallying soft with wanton whores was seen;  
 'Tother would turn his back upon a queen.  
 For want of understanding one plain rule  
 This royal, sober sloven, was a fool.

Some from propriety *affected* to stray,  
 And long to be immortal the wrong way!  
 A frantic wretch *Diana's* Temple fir'd: —  
 Pray, is his name detested or admir'd?  
 Stern *Nero* had a view to strange renown  
 When in a frolic he consum'd the town.  
 Th' Imperial Fiddler with pleas'd eye survey'd  
 The spreading flames; *Rome* burnt; the Monarch play'd;  
 Loathsome to all his memory remains,  
 And he is curst for ever for his pains.

Then call not Coxcomb only him, or him;  
 The term belongs to villainy; and whim;  
 To ev'ry fingle soul throughout the nation  
 That's mark'd by any kind of *affection*.

*Tom Snarlwell* is a Coxcomb, tho' no beau;  
 He is an oracle to all the row:



Statesman, at club or coffee-house, most able,  
 He lays down politics for all the table :  
 In truth, tho' silent you'd believe him wise,  
 He looks so very knowing with his eyes !  
 With patriotic zeal he shews his hate  
 To ev'ry blund'ring Minister of State ;  
 Like a true *Briton*, without fear or doubt,  
 Censures all *in*, and magnifies all *out* :  
 Now fixes ev'ry measure to *his* test ;  
 And now demonstrates ———'s system best.  
 He knows the Constitution to a T,  
 And is *impertinent* — because he's *free*.  
 Numbers extol *Tom's* fluent eloquence ;  
 His strong sagacity his manly sense ;  
 Yet, so perversely have the fates decreed,  
*Tom* can scarce *write* a line that you can read.

*Flirtilla*, lively, beautiful, and young,  
 Has a *perpetual motion* in her tongue ;  
 Her lungs, not wit, most folks with wonder strike ;  
 She talks of all things, and of all alike :  
 And, while discoursing, ev'ry heart beguiles  
 With piercing glances, and coquetish smiles.

The ceaseless prattle charm'd her audience hears,  
The nonsense sounds so sweetly in their ears. —  
Music for want of sense atonement brings. —  
We rail not at the bird that always sings.

The grave *Prudiffa* with a face as fair  
Sits serious as a quaker in her chair;  
'Tis with reluctance she can silence break;  
She holds it is immodesty to speak;  
Her looks precise all am'rous hopes destroy; —  
You'd think she bore antipathy to joy. —  
*That* prattles ever, *this* will nothing say;  
But both are pretty Coxcombs in their way.

We love romantic tales; tho' by the bye  
It will require some parts — *to tell a lie.*  
There must be happy manner, air, and grace,  
And calm stagnation of protesting face.  
Think not without a talent to deceive;  
Readiest believers don't all folks believe.  
'Tis strange what lengths adepts in falsehood try  
To cram you with impossibility!  
Were but a tenth of what's reported, done;  
'Twould be a full reply to *M—ddl—t—n.*

Enlarge at will, ye travellers that roam;  
But why so many miracles at home?

The formal Pedant better taught than bred,  
With a fine group of classics in his head,  
Plagues you with Learning; ever out of place  
He darts a *Latin* sentence in your face.  
He cannot speak ten words without quotation,  
And lards your meal with piebald conversation.  
The Ladies laugh; the Captain shakes his head  
At something which he *thinks* the Doctor said.  
Whate'er the wit, or sense, such prigs advance —  
I'm better pleas'd with cheerful ignorance. —

Shall we proceed? — O what extremes we see  
In "civil leer," and rough rusticity!  
One cringes, bows, and springs to your embrace;  
Another gapes, or hiccups in your face.  
Manners uncouth 'gainst decency transgress;  
And complaisance is painful in excess.

*Tom Brazenface* assumes a thousand airs  
In terms that shock you, when he speaks, he swears;

Deals wantonly in imprecations vain,  
 And is, for horrid humour's sake, profane :  
 Or vents vile thoughts in language gross and mean,  
 Loose without sense, and without wit obscene :  
 In wounding the chaste ear he has an end ;  
 For 'tis his sole ambition — to offend.

And yet, if we reverse this odious case,  
 What more disgusts us than *affected* grace ?  
 No colours can th' abandon'd sinner paint  
 But such as could describe an *outside saint*,  
 Whose meagre countenance, and solemn mien,  
 Is sanctity that labours to be *seen* ;  
 Who under pious speech, and eye demure,  
 Forms knavish plans, or harbours thoughts impure ;  
 The world with gross hypocrisy beguiles,  
 And righteous is — because he never smiles !  
 Whose godliness is shew, and virtue art,  
 Saint in his face, and villain at his heart.

The ground of these strange whims 'twere vain to hide ;  
 'Tis emulation, or mistaken pride.  
 An ancient proverb, and as good as any,  
 Assures us in plain terms — *one fool makes many*.

Nor can *Example's* influence be denied —  
 'Tis almost ev'ry hour exemplified.  
 Most serious truth, which ever should have weight  
 With all, but to a *scruple* with the great.  
 Our imitation is our daily strife,  
 And nothing is more catching than high life.  
 One trifling Lord that's delicate, or vain,  
 Shall have a thousand foplings in his train.  
 Our habits, customs, manners, vices, sports,  
 Savour of greatness, and derive from courts.  
 When crook-back'd *Richard* rear'd his sceptre high,  
 'Tis said that ev'ry Courtier went awry.  
 When great *Eliza* sat at *Britain's* helm,  
 No female neck was seen throughout the realm.  
 In *Charles's* days all lewdness was approv'd;  
 " All by the King's example liv'd and lov'd." —  
 Yet highest patterns now won't set us right —  
 We are not *good* enough — to be *polite*.  
 O monstrous proof of Vice's boundless swing —  
*John W—lk—s* shall make more converts than the *K—g*.

Some folks are studious to find grounds for strife,  
 And to be thought well-bred ill-treat a wife:



Rail at the nuptial yoke in words of course,  
 And sigh for cash to purchase a divorce.  
 While haply this same consort is discreet,  
 Fair, virtuous, decent, elegantly neat. —  
 But joys are fled, when liberty is flown ;  
 And 'tis such low-life to be tied to one. —  
 Blest with snug means, and competent estate,  
 These blockheads *might* be happier than the great.  
 But Coxcombs reigning vices fain would try,  
 And are rank rascals tho' they scarce know why.

I knew a wretch (record him, O my rhymes)  
 That *strove* to ape the manners of the times.  
 High precedent he made his conduct's rule,  
 And had just sense enough — to be a fool !  
 By nature dull, a finish'd rake he'd be,  
 Yet was at best an awkward debauchee.  
 No age has witness'd to so strange a case ;  
 He could not serve the d—v—l with a grace !  
 Of horses he had studs in various places ; —  
 He had a passion for *Newmarket* races.  
 He could a double character assume,  
 Of gentleman, and jockey, 'squire, and groom ; —

Vain without taste, expenfive without art,  
 He was an arrant miser in his heart.  
 His thousands he has *squander'd*, but ne'er *spent*  
 In common life a shilling with content.  
 Proud without spirit, active without fire,  
 Gay without joy, and lewd without desire.  
 A Libertine profess'd would blush to name  
 His brutish deeds, and yet he *look'd* so tame,  
 You'd think him innocent for very fear: —  
 He was a villain with a *booby's* leer.  
 He pouted, slouch'd like one dispos'd to sleep. —  
 His betters have been hang'd for stealing sheep.  
 Of ladies fair he kept a buxom brace,  
 But hardly ever look'd them in the face.  
 These fleec'd his substance, in one plan combin'd,  
 Who wou'd not give a groat to save mankind!

The paltry character has held me long; —  
 It finishes my theme; it crowns my song.

The race of Coxcombs is a num'rous tribe. —  
 Heav'n give myself to shun what I describe:  
 Give me to act a plain, consistent part,  
 From affectation free, and void of art;

With caution to eschew each mode that draws  
On conduct just reproach, or false applause ;  
To seek no road by odd fantastic ways  
To fame, but look into myself for praise,  
Or censure ; to myself attention lend,  
My little good improve, my follies mend.

# STREPHON and THYRSIS

## A PASTORAL.

NOW had bright *Phæbus* clos'd a gaudy day,  
 And sober Ev'ning wore her robe of gray ;  
 Hush'd were the winds ; no sound but from the rill  
 That pour'd its limpid murmurs down the hill ;  
 Or from the bleatings of the num'rous flocks  
 That playful echo bandy'd round the rocks ;  
 The winged songsters ceas'd ; the bird of night  
 Thro' the brown vale slow took his solemn flight :  
*Strephon* and *Thyrsis* met upon the plain,  
 And simply thus began th' alternate strain.

### THYRSIS.

Why homeward hastens *Strephon* so cast down ?  
 Is there such mischief in a wench's frown ?  
 Would thou wert blest like me ; the birds that fly  
 So brisk, so blithe, are scarce so blest as I.

STREPHON.

Ah! *Thyrsis*, thou art happy, far above  
The neighb'ring shepherds all, in *Chloe's* love;  
But *Phyllida* is cold to all I say,  
Cold as a blast that nips the buds in *May*.

THYRSIS.

How many a yeoman in *Great Britain's* isle  
Would give his team to purchase *Chloe's* smile?  
But love makes trifles bounties; see, look here,  
These apples are a present to my dear.

STREPHON.

'Twas but this morning, purblind *Cupid* knows,  
I tender'd to my lass a damask rose; —  
With scorn so lady-like away 'twas thrown; —  
Yet, *Thyrsis*, by my troth, 'twas newly blown.

THYRSIS.

My love and I together still are seen  
At market, in the fold, or on the green;  
My crook she plays with; prattles by my side;  
And all the parish sees she'll be my bride.



STREPHON.

My damsel's proud to let the village know  
Her preference for *Lubbinol*, my foe:  
Yet to my eye he is the ugliest swain  
That ever tended sheep upon the plain.

THYRSIS.

When 'neath the branching oak in yonder mead  
At even-tide I tune my slender reed,  
The sprightly notes delight the list'ning swains,  
And *Chloe's* pleas'd, and thanks me for my pains.

STREPHON.

Once at our wake, with my best skill and air,  
I sung the ballad which I bought at fair;  
Pert *Phylly* cry'd, we'll hear the squall no more,  
And, snatching from my hand, the ballad tore.

THYRSIS.

Oft, as in turn the jovial seasons come,  
Gay shearing-time or jolly harvest-home,  
*Chloe* and I regale; we laugh, we sing;  
Time merry glides; and all the year is Spring.

## STREPHON.

To me, alas! alike each morning low'rs;—  
 In vain soft *April* sheds her silver show'rs:  
 Nor can I joy, despair so wounds my breast,  
 Or peace on work-days, or on *Sundays* rest.

## THYRSIS.

My love is cheerful or at work or play;  
 Smiling she binds the sheaf, she teds the hay;  
 Nought o'er her easy temper can prevail:  
 She'll sing beneath the largest milking-pail.

## STREPHON.

Still *Phyllis* pays my wooings with a frown;  
 She tosses up her head; she calls me clown;  
 Nought but high airs, and sour disdain I see;  
 She never smiles, or never smiles on me.

## THYRSIS.

The sun shall stop, the wind forget to blow,  
 The stars to twinkle, and the stream to flow,  
 The lamb to bleat, the busy bee to rove,  
 Ere *Cloe's* false, or *Thyrsis* cease to love.

## STREPHON.

Would I could rid me of this cruel fair ; —  
Would I could break the bond I groan to bear : —  
I'll try my best ; resolve to be a man ;  
And learn to hate this vixen — if I can.

The night drew on apace ; the shepherds part ;  
That whistling as he tript, *this* with a heavy heart.

THE  
PROGRESS of LOVE:

IN FOUR PASTORAL BALLADS.

AFTER THE MANNER OF MR. SHENSTON.

---

FALLING IN LOVE.

PART I.

YE Swains that confess the sweet sway  
Of *Cupid*, that pow'r so divine,  
And offerings cheerfully pay  
At Beauty's all-powerful shrine;  
That know what it is to endure,  
But know not what 'tis to complain,  
Nor wish for your anguish a cure,  
And cherish the strong-throbbing pain:

K

II.

Ye Nymphs who disclaim prudish arts,  
 Whose bosoms can hold a warm sigh,  
 Who kindly discover your hearts  
 By softness that melts in your eye ;  
 That brighten with smiles your fair brows,  
 When gracefully prest by some youth  
 Whose countenance warrants his vows  
 Pour'd all from a fountain of truth.

III.

All lovers attend to my verse,  
 For lovers my verse will approve,  
 And smile on the lays that rehearse  
 The delicate progress of Love.  
 But hence ye unfeeling begone,  
 Still bent private ends to pursue ;  
 Ye wordlings will frown on my song ;  
 The subject's too tender for you.

IV.

The zephyrs 'gan softly to blow ;  
 The wood's feather'd warblers to sing ;  
 The meads made a beautiful show,  
 And gay were the daughters of Spring ;



When lone thro' the thick-daified vale  
 With freedom of fancy I stray'd ;  
 And there (Muse record the fond tale)  
 There first I beheld the dear maid.

V.

A bevy of damsels so neat  
 Hard by me came tripping to fair ; —  
 You'd have thought they had wings on their feet —  
 But O ! what a damsel was there !  
 They tell us of *Graces* of yore,  
 And they talk of a *Paphian Queen* ;  
 But never, believe me, before  
 So peerless a beauty was seen.

VI.

No painter with pencil could trace,  
 Tho' dipt in the richest of dyes,  
 The sweetness that dwelt in that face,  
 The brightness that beam'd from those eyes,  
 No poet, tho' poets they say  
 Of all your fine writers are best,  
 Could tell my heart's feeling that day,  
 Unless he could read in my breast.

VII.

I shall not attempt to recite  
 The raptures that glow'd in my mind ; —  
 She flew like a bird out of sight,  
 But left her fair image behind.  
 My thought was employ'd all the day,  
 Those charms the delectable theme,  
 And when on my pillow I lay,  
 They pleasingly furnish'd my dream.

VIII.

I rose with the larks of the dale,  
 Indulging my soft-growing care ;  
 I meant not to go to the vale ; —  
 But wander'd — and found myself there !  
 I travers'd the lawn to and fro,  
 I loaded the welkin with sighs ;  
 And this you'll call folly : — but, know,  
 I wish not again to be wise.

IX.

My love had bewilder'd me quite ; —  
 I met an acquaintance of mine, —  
 He ask'd me the time of the night, —  
 I told him — the Nymph was divine.

Engagements I made without end,  
 And broke 'em, tho' ever so new ;  
 For he may be false to his friend,  
 Who most to his passion is true.

X.

At length to myself thus I said, —  
 As pensive I rambled one morn,  
 Oh, could I address the dear maid !  
 An angel's a stranger to scorn.  
 My secret I burn to reveal  
 In language untutor'd by art ; —  
 She'll pity at least what I feel :  
 I long to unburthen my heart.

LOVE DISCOVERED.

P A R T II.

ONE eve of the sweet-breathing *May*  
 I first became known to my dear ; —  
 Ye Muses, remember the day,  
 And name it the prime of the year.  
 The moments were socially spent ;  
 The time with discourse was beguil'd :  
 She look'd with a look of content,  
 And O ! how she look'd when she smil'd.

II.

She mark'd my respectful distress ;  
 She construed my half-smother'd sighs : —  
 The belov'd have a wonderful guess,  
 And lovers can speak with their eyes.  
 Methought too she joy'd that sweet night ; —  
 That thought gave anxiety ease ;  
 'Twas transport to yield her delight ;  
 An exquisite pleasure to please.

III.

Acquaintance augmented the fire  
 That strong in my bosom was blown :  
 And soon to my eager desire  
 I met my fair maiden alone.  
 The birds cheer'd the woodlands with song ;  
 The lilies enamell'd the grove ;  
 The brook softly murmur'd along ;  
 And sure 'twas a season for love.

IV.

This, this was the much-sigh'd for hour  
 My passion at large to display ;  
 Yet now it was full in my pow'r,  
 In vain I strove something to say.  
 Of matters insipid I talk'd,  
 As tho' we'd no business together ;  
 And thrice I observ'd as we walk'd —  
 “ Indeed 'tis most excellent weather ! ”

V.

Doubts, fears, and an awkward restraint,  
 Which best our sincerity prove,  
 Prevented my tender complaint : —  
 There's not such a coward as love.



Complacent she seem'd all this while ;  
 Myself seem'd like one that was chid :  
 As tho' there were pride in a smile,  
 Or sweetness itself cou'd forbid !

VI.

I thought I'd take courage next day ; —  
 I met her again in the grove :  
 But *Strephon* was now in the way —  
 A witness is hateful to love.  
 He was dress'd in his holiday clothes,  
 Trick'd out like a finical ass : —  
 I never could bear your trim beaus  
 That make themselves fine in a glass.

VII.

He gave himself many an air  
 As great as a lord of the land ;  
 Could prattle, and ogle, and swear —  
 And once he kiss'd *Phyllida*'s hand. —  
 I saw saucy hope in his eye ;  
 I saw no disdain in her look ; —  
 If *Phyllida* had not been by,  
 I'd plung'd his curl'd locks in the brook.

VIII.

The day I began with delight  
 I clos'd with a sorrowful breast ;  
 I wish'd from my soul for the night ; —  
 Tho' night could afford me no rest.  
 Ye mock at such sighs and such groans,  
 Who never felt Jealousy's smart ;  
 There's not a true lover but owns  
 No place is so fore as the heart.

IX.

All night I lay tossing, perplex  
 With cares which uncertainties bring ;  
 Now hopeless, now mad to be vext  
 By such a light fluttering thing.  
 But Reason in vain lends her aid  
 Such feelings as these to remove :  
 Fond lovers are always afraid ;  
 And trifles are torments in love.

LOVE DECLARED.

P A R T III.

THE morn spread her blush o'er the plain,  
 Serene was the region above ;  
 I wilfully nourish'd my pain ;  
 I sigh'd, and I stray'd to the grove.  
 But never let lovers despair,  
 'Cause sometimes things happen amiss —  
 For whom should I meet but my fair, —  
 And O! what a meeting was this.

II.

Her eye such a softness possess,  
 Her air was so placidly gay,  
 It scatter'd the cloud from my breast,  
 As sun-shine enlivens the day.  
 Reviv'd, I determin'd at last  
 To act if I could like a man ; —  
 My bosom I felt beating fast ; —  
 I falter'd, — but thus I began.

III.

Dear *Phyllida*, list to the strain  
 Humility pours in your ear : —  
 Ah ! do not despise a poor swain  
 Who shews you his faith in his fear.  
 Can we hide, if we would, from the fair  
 The conquests they make with their eyes ? —  
 Then let me my passion declare,  
 Who cannot my passion disguise.

IV.

'Tis bold an attempting to move  
 A damsel so matchless as you : —  
 It may be a folly to love ;  
 It is not a crime to be true.  
 What tho' with the spruce-powder'd cit  
 Your *Corydon* passes for a clown ; —  
 There's much of assurance, and wit,  
 But little of truth in the town.

V.

My cattle's a plentiful flock ;  
 My barns are well loaded with grain ;  
 And healthy my numerous flock  
 That white with their fleeces the plain.

But hope I to win thee with these,  
 Or goods of much value beside?  
 Ah! no — I've ambition to please,  
 And only my love is my pride.

VI.

I could live with content in a cot  
 With *Phyllida*, eas'd of all care;  
 And bless the contemptible lot  
 That happily settled us there.  
 Soft lodg'd in my *Phyllida*'s arms,  
 My bliss would admit no increase;  
 Parade for the wise has no charms,  
 And Plenty is nothing to Peace.

VII.

In *Phyllida*'s hand is my fate;  
 In *Phyllida*'s smile is my joy:  
 O do not destroy me with hate; —  
 Such sweetness can never destroy.  
 Forgive, if you cannot be kind,  
 And constant for ever I'll be;  
 If I'm not the man to your mind,  
 The world has no woman for me.



## VIII.

I paus'd, and I bow'd most profound ; —

Her soft hand I tremblingly prest ; —

She cast her fair eyes on the ground ;

A sigh seem'd to 'scape from her breast.

Then, blushing, she mildly replied,

Here *Corydon* cease the fond strain,

By *Strephon* thy truth I have tried ; —

To-morrow I'll meet you again.

LOVE REWARDED.

PART IV.

WHAT tongue can the pleasure express,  
 The transport expanding the mind,  
 When lovers foresee their success,  
 And nymphs grow insensibly kind?  
 Embolden'd my joys to pursue,  
 My courtship I daily renew'd;  
 And oh! how delightfom to woo,  
 When *Phyllida* wish'd to be woo'd!

II.

Come—say, can you faithfully count  
 The waves that incessantly roar:  
 Or tell me precise the amount  
 Of pebbles that garnish the shore?  
 O then you'll exactly recite  
 The raptures fond Gratitude shews,  
 When, blest in his mistress's sight,  
 The heart of a swain overflows.

III.

The linnets have tunable throats ;  
 And larks that soar over the hill ;  
 And sweetly the nightingale's notes  
 The meadows with melody fill :  
 But vain are these voices to cheer,  
 And pow'rless that music to move,  
 To the sound that enchanted my ear —  
 When *Phyllida* whisper'd — I love.

IV.

One favour I yet had to seek,  
 And that was to make her my bride ; —  
 I ask'd, — and the blush in her cheek  
 With softness bewitching comply'd.  
 My heart had no more to pursue ;  
 Love's task became innocent play ;  
 And *Corydon* nought had to do  
 But with a long fortnight away.

V.

At length came the morning so bright,  
 Sure never a brighter could shine,  
 Which gave me my soul's first delight,  
 And made my dear *Phyllida* mine. —  
 May time to our mutual content  
 The blessings of wedlock improve ;  
 And friendship the union cement  
 We sweetly contracted in love.

## A

## R H A P S O D Y

IN PRAISE OF THE

## P A R T I C L E S.

**WHAT!** shall a thousand little arguments  
 Be playthings for the Muse? Shall *frogs*, and *gnats*,  
*Ladles*, and *locks of hair*, *pattens*, and *fans*,  
 And *nothing* be the boasted theme of verse?  
 And shall the **PARTICLES** remain unsung?  
*Phæbus* forbid. Dan *Swift* to public view  
 Displays the merit of the *Alphabet*,  
 When ev'ry *letter* his pretension puffs  
 To constitute a part of *Durfey's* name:  
 And *Steele*, *Spectator* gen'ral of the land,  
 Deign'd to receive petition in behalf  
 Of two insulted *Pronouns*, — *who* and *which*:  
 And *Brown*, call'd *Tom*, of *Garreteers* the chief,  
 Rang'd his illustrious *Adverbs* in a string

Of florid declamation ; yet forgot  
*Conjunctions, Prepositions, Interjec-*  
*Tions*, in blameful negligence. — Ah ! how  
 Could such a lofty genius these decline ?

Ye needful Parts of Speech, be it my praise  
 To rescue from oblivion's vasty gulf  
 Your num'rous tribes. — *Pronouns*, and *Nouns*, and *Verbs*  
 Of *Active* import, *Passive* too and tame,  
 And *Participles* eke that proudly vaunt  
 Your double nature, like the two-fold bat,  
 What are ye all with all your energy,  
 Without the friendly aid of *Particles*,  
 But wind articulate, and senseless sound ?  
*Homer's* immortal Epic ; *Virgil's* plan  
 With solid judgment laid ; bold *Milton's* thought  
 Of most sublime excursion ; *Spenser's* flights  
 Thro' Fancy's trackless regions ; *Mansfield's* flow  
 Of eloquence ; *Butler's* original wit ;  
*Newton's* philosophy ; and *Blackstone's* law ;  
 All that has figured yet in prose or rhyme ;  
*Unparticled* is jargon : — e'en thy page,  
 O *Jacob Behmen*, is more nonsense still.



So from some huge machine, egregious work  
 Of a mechanic genius, great as thine,  
 O C—x, of brilliant mem'ry, but extract  
 A few small pins, in rattling ruins down  
 It sinks at once, and of ingenious art  
 Leaves not a trace behind. — O Parts of Speech  
 Declinable, ye are precarious all !  
 Perplexing apprehension with the force  
 Of terminations various — *es*, or *ed*,  
 Or hissing double *fs*, or *ish*, or *ing* ;  
 While the firm *Particles*, unapt to change  
 From the first page to distant *Finis*, stand  
 Inflexibly the same. — What tho' pert *Nouns*,  
 E'en *Adjectives*, dependent as they are,  
 And in themselves unmeaning ; and proud *Verbs*  
 Boast their sonorous tone, and rumblings rough,  
 Cracking pronouncer's teeth ; the stamm'rer's curse !  
 Or sometimes, *Vowel-aided*, smoothly glide  
 Into a liquid train of *Syllables* ;  
 The *Particles* have their importance too ;  
 Their smoothness ; and significance of sound ;  
 Their strength ; their force ; and oft themselves contain  
 Much pithy sense. — Let a selected few  
 Be vouchers to my Muse. — *Videlicet*. —

(Itself emphatic here) *indeed* — that seals  
 A verbal promise, or a truth ; — *alack* —  
 Of lamentable import, tho' concise ; —  
 And — *how* — or angry, or inquisitive ;  
 And sad — *heigh-ho!* — denoting heavy heart ;  
 And formal *peradventure* ; and *whereas*, —  
 That stately takes the lead in legal acts,  
 And Proclamations royal ; — *ha!* — that starts  
 At shade, or wonder ; — *by* — that foreruns oaths  
 Express'd, or understood ; — contemptuous *psshaw!* —  
 And quaint *albeit* ; — and peremptory *fure* —  
 Modest *perhaps* ; — the quaker's solemn *yea*, —  
 That in grave courts of justice weighs as much  
 As carnal Christian's oath ; — decisive *no* ; —  
 Stern negative, that lays an interdict  
 Upon the suit of cringing poverty,  
 And the lean lover's wish ; — and *if* ; — that heads  
 Hypothesis of various sort, to sooth  
 Ambition's appetite, or Wisdom's pride. —  
 But hold — the task is done — my rambling strain  
 One *Adverb* shall conclude, and that's enough.

T H E  
E X P E D I E N T.  
A T A L E.

BEING AN OLD STORY VERSIFIED.

I HATE a theoretic point ; —  
It puts Good-nature out of joint ;  
And for whole months and sometimes years,  
Sets folks together by the ears : —  
That truth is to my humour fitted ;  
Which, when once mention'd, is admitted : —  
For instance — 'tis a wretched life  
'Twixt disagreeing man and wife.  
Who this denies in any station,  
Must be a foe to affirmation ;  
And may fate link him to a shrew,  
'That he may feel th' assertion true,

But if this thesis none deny ; —  
The question is — what remedy ?

My tale shall prove to all your faces  
The use of cunning in such cases.

*Roger and Nell (Euterpe finds)*  
'Tho' but *one flesh* were of two minds.  
Their life of jars, and brawls, and care  
Was worse than *Prior's* — as it were ;  
Neither was open to conviction ;  
'Twas all determin'd contradiction.  
For want of topics, when together  
They would dispute about the weather. —  
Quoth *Hodge*, — the Sun's descending ray  
Is earnest of a glorious day.  
Quoth *Nell*, — I'll swear those clouds are warning  
'Twill rain before to-morrow morning.  
Judge then how well they must agree  
In matters of œconomy.

In short, they still each other rated, —  
Scolded, — complain'd, — recriminated, —  
Nay, sometimes cuff'd : — how many times,  
I say not, — for I can't in rhymes.

*Hodge*, who had art, as well as spleen,  
 (Which in the sequel will be seen)  
 With sighs and groans that he could sham,  
 One ev'ning thus address'd his dame. —  
 We have been coupled, *Nell*, he says,  
 Six years, nine months, and thirteen days :  
 Joys in unheeded circles flow,  
 But Nature *items* ev'ry woe ;  
 No mortals ever toil'd for riches  
 As we have struggl'd for the breeches. —  
 O 'tis too much ; the conflict's past ;  
 Thy prowess I must own at last,  
 And, spent with matrimonial strife,  
 Confess, I'm weary of my life.  
 Kind heav'n in such a case as mine is  
 Must needs approve what my design is. —  
 My breath I'll render to the giver,  
 And plunge this instant in the river.  
 For once oblige me, *Nell*, and be  
 Witness to my catastrophe !

A wife, says *Nell*, must not gainsay —  
 You know, you'd always have your way.



Our couple now jog on with speed : —  
 'Twas the first time they had agreed ;  
 And in an hour, or less, I think,  
 They reach the fatal river's brink.

A poet that delights to wield  
 His pen in fair description's field,  
 Might here enrich his copious theme  
 With all the beauties of the stream.  
 Recount the *Nereids* that each day  
 Upon the gliding mirror play ;  
 The flow'rs that deck its gaudy side  
 With full display of summer's pride ;  
 Comparing its delightful flow  
 With *British Thames*, or *Latian Po*.  
 But 'twill suffice in humble song  
 T' aver the stream was deep and strong ;  
 And, only granting it no sin,  
 Proper to drown a Christian in.]

*Hodge* hem'd a pray'r, and hum'd a psalm ; —  
 Then, feigning well a sudden qualm,  
 Cries, wife, there's some impediment  
 Betwixt this act and my intent ;



As little as I deal in fear,  
 I find a slight misgiving here ;  
 And, tho' determin'd on my ruin,  
 Methinks this work of my undoing  
 I should pursue with zeal more hearty,  
 If you would kindly be a party ;  
 That I may one day fairly plead  
 'Twas not entire my act and deed. —  
 Step back as far as yonder bush,  
 And drive me headlong with a push. —

The dame, whose conscience was not nice,  
 Accedes to this same compromise ;  
 And, pleas'd his orders to fulfil,  
 Springs from her post with right good will ;  
 When, whimsical enough to tell ye,  
*Hodge* slipt aside, and — in popt *Nelly*.

ON AN  
ILLITERATE DIVINE

WHO HAD A GOOD DELIVERY.

WITH cassock of rich silk, and hair well drest,  
One *Sunday*, Parson ———, the priggish priest,  
Mounted the pulpit at St. *J*——'s; there  
With voice of mellow tone, and pompous air,  
Utter'd fine sounding words that nothing meant,  
And vented florid phrase for argument.  
The bulk he pleas'd; but at the sermon's end,  
A critic arch thus whisper'd to his friend; —  
This preacher, the most envious must agree,  
Happy *deliv'ry* has, and — so have we!

ON AN  
ARTIFICIAL BEAUTY.

*C*ELIA to night in splendor deck'd,  
And pride of rich array,  
With artificial charms would steal  
The toughest heart away.

No lilies in their fragrant bed  
Such stainless white disclose;—  
The blush that kindles on her cheek  
Outvies the new-blown rose.

But if to-morrow to your view  
The genuine maid be shewn:—  
She who with borrow'd face could kill,  
Will cure you with her own,

C H E A T S    A L L.

A    B    A    L    L    A    D.

To the Tune of — *I am a jolly Beggar, &c.*

Y E mortals that are habitants  
Of this vile earthly ball,  
Attend the Muse ; — the Muse shall shew  
We are rank cheaters all.

And a cheating, &c.

The Gambler, eldest son of fraud,  
Will chowse you in a trice ;  
And all your satisfaction is —  
*The D—l's in the dice.*

The Farmer, clad in rusty coat,  
 Whose mode is to complain,  
 In plenty lives, yet swears he starves;  
 For he's a rogue in *grain*.

The Tradesman puffs his damag'd wares  
 With snug addrefs and skill  
 To bilk his Lord—p; — but my L—d  
 Forgets to pay the bill.

The Captain struts, looks big, and boasts  
 Of many a bloody fray;  
 Castles he storms; and duels fights;  
 And sometimes — runs away.

*Newmarket* knowing ones, who try  
 Their wits on great and small,  
 Had best *pull in*, ere Satan gets  
 The *whip-hand* of them all.

'Tis mock'ry vile, and pert grimace  
 Midst Foplings, Belles, and Beaus;  
 And he that takes the C—rt—r right,  
 Must take him by the nose.

From clime to clime in quest of wealth  
 Our greedy Merchants roam : —  
*East-India Nabobs* rob abroad,  
 And Highwaymen at home.

The Trav'ler lards his tale with lies ;  
 The Cit plain-dealing scorns ;  
 Widows are happy in their weeds ;  
 And Cuckholds hide their horns.

*Miss Dainty*, with a look demure,  
 Whose virtue was her boast,  
 Last week miscarried, and reviv'd  
 The play — *Love's Labour Lost*.

Young *Damon* rich *Clarinda* plies  
 With courtship's melting art ; —  
 Vows, swears, protests ; — for sure he loves —  
 Her fortune 'at his heart.

The Lawyer with his querks, and pleas,  
 Your bags and pockets drains ;  
 And when you're pennyless, you'll get —  
 A verdict for your pains.



The Doctor with his solemn phiz,  
 Train'd up in *Galen's* School,  
 Bleeds, physicks, sweats, and blisters you —  
 And so you die by rule.

In Church, or State, if merit thrive,  
 'Tis matter of surprize ; —  
 The Patron sells his benefice ;  
 The Prelate stoops to rise !

The Vicar's cribb'd Divinity  
 You hear with one accord ;  
 'Tis *Rogers, Wake, or Tillotson,*  
 And sometimes — *Sharp's the word !*

The starch Fanatick trumpeter,  
 In righteous soul so vext,  
 Whines, cants, and raves to mend the age,  
 But only mars a text.

The Statesman that thro' life has toil'd  
 To save his country dear,  
 Has nothing for his labour but —  
 Three thousand pounds a year !

The Patriot loud avows himself  
Fair Freedom's champion stout ;  
But words are wind ; — and who'll believe  
The *wisest*, when they're out ?

Then what conclude we from my song,  
Since Frauds in all we meet ? —  
Why — take your *bumper* ; — for in that  
You'll find there's no *deceit*.

And a cheating, &c.

THE FOLLOWING  
B A L L A D

(Of which several incorrect Copies have been published)

Was delivered to the DEAN of *Pembroke College, Oxford*,  
in the Common Hall,

On the Fifth Day of NOVEMBER, 1741,

As the AUTHOR'S EXERCISE on that ANNIVERSARY.

Its Date must be its Apology.

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I.

I'LL sing you what past  
In the century last  
When the Pope went to visit the D-v-l:—  
And if you'll attend,  
You'll find to a friend  
Old Nick can behave very civil.

M

II.

How dost do? quoth the Seer,  
 What a plague brought you here?  
 To be sure 'twas a whimsical maggot:—  
 Come, draw tow'rd the fire;  
 Nay, prithee sit nigher;  
 Here, firrah, lay on t'other faggot.

III.

You're welcome to hell;  
 I hope friends are well  
 At *Paris, Madrid, and at Rome*;  
 But now you elope,  
 I suppose, my friend Pope,  
 The Conclave will hang out a broom.

IV.

Then his Holiness cry'd,  
 All jesting aside,  
 Give the Pope and the D-v-l their dues;—  
 Take my word for't, old lad,  
 I'll make your heart glad,  
 For faith I have brought you rare news.

V.

There's a fine plot in hand  
 To ruin the land  
 Call'd *Britain*, that obstinate nation,  
 Which so sily behav'd  
 In hopes to be sav'd  
 By the help of a d-mn'd Reformation!

VI.

We shall never have done  
 If we burn one by one,  
 Nor destroy the whole heretic race:  
 From that *Hydra* for ever  
 A head you may sever,  
 And a new will spring up in its place.

VII.

Believe me, old *Nick*  
 We'll now play a trick,  
 A trick that shall serve for the nonce;—  
 This day before dinner,  
 Or else I'm a finner,  
 We'll *fnash* all the rascals at once.

VIII.

While the Parliament sits,  
And all try their wits,  
Consulting about musty papers,  
A gunpowder greeting  
Shall break up their meeting,  
And shew who can cut the best capers.

IX.\*

How the rabble will stare  
When they see in the air  
Such a medley half burnt to a cinder?  
Look parch'd will each phiz,  
And whiskers will whiz;  
Lawn sleeves will make excellent tinder!

X.

When the King and his son,  
And the Parliament's gone,  
And the people are left in the lurch,  
Things shall take their old station,  
And you d-mn the nation;—  
And I'll be the head of the Church!

\* This Stanza is new.



XI.

These words were scarce said  
 When in popt the head  
 Of an old Jesuitical Wight,  
 Who cry'd, you're mistaken,  
 They've all saved their bacon,  
 But *Jemmy* still stinks with the fright!

XII.

Then *Satan* was struck,  
 And cry'd, 'tis ill luck,  
 But both for your pains shall be thanked:—  
 So he call'd at the door  
 Six d-v-ls or more,  
 And they tost Pope and Priest in a blanket.

ODE to DROLLERY.

By SAMPSON FROLICK, Esq.

AN ENTIRE NEW WORK.

*Where's the motto?*

YE bonny Songsters Nine  
That, in a summer's eve, drink tea upon  
The flow'r-enamell'd brow of *Helicon* ;  
    (There, there's a line!)  
Or with *Apollo* frisk a top of *Pindus* ;  
    Who tell us tales so fine  
    Of those bucks of renown  
        That took *Troy* town,  
And at 12 o'Clock at night broke honest peoples windows :  
    I'm not afraid  
    To ask your aid ; —  
    I know you'll fire me,  
    And inspire me

At all times  
 With jingling rhymes : —  
 So sacred my eccentric lay shall be  
 To thee,  
 Terrestrial goddess, Drollery.

C H O R U S . \*

From Drollery, from Drollery  
 All fun  
 Begun.

II.

Fidlers, avaunt! I never knew  
 So vile a crew!  
 Bass-viol, and haut-boys, and French-horns be mute;  
 And harpsichord too  
 With all thou canst do;  
 And eke thou softly-breathing flute.  
 Know, the terrestrial goddess Drollery  
 Kicks, fumes, and frets, and snuffs, at sounds of harmony.

\* I M I T A T I O N S .

From harmony, from harmony  
 This universal frame began.

*Dryden's worst Ode.*

Hither, sons of discord, hither come — come —

The rough *hurdy-gurdy* thrum ;  
 Jarring keys and platters bring ;  
 The crack'd crowd with shrilling string ;  
 Broken trumpet's harsh-ton'd strain ;  
 Catcall, bard dramatic's bane ;  
 Clanging pan, and hollow tub,  
*Drum-minor*, beating dub a dub ;  
 Grunting cowlstaff, mock-bassoon ;  
 Fourscore voices out of tune ;  
 Screams, and hoots outdoing quite  
 The owl, ear-piercing bird of night ;  
 Rattling salt-box ; bastards squalling ;  
 Fifty thousand brickbats falling ;  
 And ten cats a caterwauling : —  
 All sounds grating, sharp, and queer : —  
 See ! the goddess pricks her ear !  
 Comical goddess, deign to hear : —  
 For thy delight is tuneless noise,  
 Clamour loud, and midnight joys,  
 Jocund sport, and wakeful glee,  
 And everlasting ha, ha, ha, he !

*From Drollery, &c.*

III.

Goddeſs, I look before, I look behind me —  
Where, goddeſs, ſhall a merry mortal find thee ?

O thou doſt rule the roaſt,

*Hic et ubique*, like old *Hamlet's* Ghoſt.

From age to age,

And thro' life's ev'ry ſtage,

Thou doſt poſſeſs the jovial of all nations ;

The jeſters, and the punſters of all ſtations ;

Rich, poor, wiſe, weak, fat, bony, ſhort, and tall ;

And art the quinteſſence of fun, and oddity in all.

Bards, and wits pagan have ſome whimſies taught us —

For this one ſees

In *Ariſtopha-neſ*,

And mirthful *Lucian*, and old *Plautus*.

Oft haſt thou ſat aſtride a modern poet's brain : —

And then 'tis all fantaſtic —

And then 'tis *Hudibraſtic* —

Then *Chaucer* tells a ſtory

Full worthy of *me-mory* ;

And *Butler*, ſo well known, ſir,

Who had a Muſe of his own, ſir,

Mauls your ſham-faints and godly,

And makes them look moſt oddly ;

And lends them a sound thump, fir,  
 That they are fore in the *rump*, fir;  
 Then *Prior* sings his *Ladle* —  
 (You know who 'twas that pray'd ill;)  
 And others with strange qualms  
 Burlesque the book of *Psalms*: —  
 Fie *Sternhold*! *Hopkins*, fie  
 Upon your melo-dy! —  
 Then *Pope*, with fools half mad,  
 In his *Dunci-ad*  
 Batters the Bards that write from street call'd *Grub*,  
 And gives them such a rub!  
 And then — O let me fetch a rhyme for brain —  
*Jack Falstaff* blows, and puffs, and lies in many a  
 hum'rous vein.

*From Drollery, &c.*

IV.

Sometimes thou twitchest by the nose  
 (Of which the muscles are at thy dispose)  
 The laughing votarists of prose:  
 And then all language scant is,  
 And, were a man ever so able,  
 It is almost impracti-cable



To recount  
 The full amount  
 Of the jeers,  
 And the sneers,  
 And the witticism,  
 And the criticism,  
 And the working,  
 And the jerking,  
 And the matter  
 Stuff'd with satire  
 Of waggish *Swift*, and roguish *Stern*, and the thrice-  
 fam'd *Cervantes*.

*From Drollery, &c.*

V.

Among the dealers droll in prose and verse  
 May I, my goddess, name philoso-phers?  
 They say — “ You can't endure us.”  
 But 'tis a lie. —  
 I'll tell you why —  
 There's not a queerer dog than Master *Epicurus* :  
 For he  
 And some few dozens,  
 All cater-cousins,

And all possess by thee,  
 Superfine fellows,  
 Frankly tells us  
 That, this world was made by a company of atoms  
 at a certain rout,  
 Which met by no appointment, and did not know what  
 they were about. —

Hence the smooth flow of tuneful numbers, hence —  
 For here you have no pretence : —  
 My verses must now run rumbling,  
 In spite of any body's grumbling ; —  
 (And sure there is not half the sport in walking that  
 there is in tumbling ;)

Does not *Alexander Pope* say,  
 (And now you shall have an *Alexandrine*  
 Which I think tolerably fine)  
 The sound upon all occasions should be an echo to  
 the sense ?

Now, Sir, a parcel of these atoms or particles  
 (He that argues which  
 Is a sceptical son of a b—— ;  
 'Tis rather a free expression —  
 But all's one in a digression ;)

In a frolick,  
 Or having something like a fit of the cholick,  
     Jumbled all together,  
 (I should think, in bad weather,)  
     Some short, and some long,  
     Pell-mell, ding-dong,  
         Helter,  
     To which you may add, skelter ; —  
     Some of them square, and some round,  
     Some rotten, and a few of them found ;  
     Some tender, and some plagy tough ;  
     Some smooth, and some confoundedly rough ;  
     Some cold, and a good many hot ;  
     Some dry, and some moist ; and what not ?  
     Some (I must make a word) in jangles,  
     And nine or ten dozen in right angles ;  
     Arid atoms all smashing,  
     Wat'ry ones for a very good reason splashing,  
     And all together in hurly-burly crashing :  
 (O that an honest man could have been there !  
 It must have been a jovial day — it was *chaos* fair !)

And so, Sir, here being no creation,  
(For that these Gentlemen say would have been a work  
of pains and molestation,)

From this rude orig<sup>n</sup>al dance,  
And from all these comical jars,  
In about a fortnight's time out-jumped the fun and  
the moon,

(How they must shake their ears  
When they first mounted their spheres?)  
Attended with a pretty little train of I can't tell you  
how many stars. —

Now, look back till you come to the word—dance—  
Your most obedient servant, madam chance!

So (not my aim to frustrate,  
For want of a simile this matter to illustrate;  
A simile which shall be half-like, and half not,  
As that in composition is never reckon'd a blot;)

Our cook, fat greasy Nan,  
Takes a large bowl, or perhaps an earthen pan,  
Full of ingredients various,  
And, I will be bold to say, precarious,

And thrusts a long spoon of wood in ;  
 There's flour, there's milk, there's eggs, there's sugar, there's  
 raisins, there's currants, there's nutmeg, there's mace :  
 And these she stirs, and stirs about  
 With all her might and main,  
 Again, and again,  
 And makes a wond'rous rout ;  
 And from this odd confusion,  
 And manifold confusion,  
 In a few hours space  
 Upon the table smokes a fine, large, round plumb pudding.

*From Drollery, &c.*

VI.

Come, put about the bottle —  
 Let's drink a health to ev'ry man of mirth  
 In ev'ry corner of the earth —  
 And then, O Drollery,  
 Another votary  
 Shall enter on our stage, — grave *Aris-totle* ;  
 A man of passing parts,  
 And the first that took the degree of M. A. or in rhyme,  
 and plain *English*, *Master of Arts* ;



And at his heels, *Frommenius* ;  
 A dry, outlandish genius ;  
 And these in half a minute  
 (Why, there is nothing in it)  
 Shall cure the hyp, and grubs, and gripes, and ptific,  
 With a good *quan. suff. dose of Meta-physic.*  
 O there is no specific like a *queer hum* —  
 Take a drachm of *formality*,  
 And an ounce of *quiddity* and *quality*,  
 And tincture of *personality*,  
 And some grains of *individuality*,  
 And elixir of *transcendentality* ;  
 (Do you know *Norris* ? I've heard him say  
 This is a sov'reign med'cine for the quinsy ;) )  
 And next it follows *in naturâ rerum*  
 That, tho' the D—I's a liar, yet *omne ens est verum.*

# A R A P T U R E.

I catch the mental flame ; — my wits are blown  
 By fancy's blast, that sweeps thro' boundless space  
 To intellectual regions all unknown,  
 Where concretes gross, and matter vile ne'er held their  
                   cumbrous place ;



Where simple truths, and axioms sure,  
 Ideas chaste, and abstracts pure,  
 And forms, unconscious of corporeal dress,  
 Float in the vasty void of ample emptiness. —  
 Earth, air, fire, water — what are these?  
 Hail! mighty world of essences!  
 Sublimities refin'd my pow'rs employ,  
 And I disdain terrestrial joy. —  
 Now, now exalted 'bove the starry sky,  
 Where mortal poet never yet had handle,  
 All ocean seems a puddle to my eye,  
 And yonder twinkling sun a farthing candle.  
 Higher, yet higher would I soar —  
 But ah! I feel, I can no more —  
 I flag, I faint, I droop, I doubt\* —  
 See! my rapture is out. —

HERE ENDETH THE RAPTURE.

*From Drollery, &c.*

\* I M I T A T I O N S.

I droop, I doubt,

See my courage is out.

*Macheath, in the Beggar's Opera.*

N

## VII.

Descend, my Muse, descend, I beg,  
 And humbly take a lower peg;  
 Come down, I say, come down my rhymes  
 To matters known, and later times;  
 For Drollery has got possession  
 In ev'ry calling and profession. —  
 Like *Proteus* still she varies shapes; —  
 She's archer than a thousand apes. —  
 Why — you asserted this before. —  
 Now then, we'll prove it — and that's more. —  
 ————— Pray, leave your liquor;  
 And step to church, and hear the Vicar.  
 I speak with rev'rence for the gown —  
 He preaches of his kind the best in town;  
 And boasts a *Sunday's* congregation,  
 The *quietest* in all the nation:  
 For then with *bum-drum* sounds in drawling tone express'd,  
 He lulls his calm parishioners to rest.  
     You say — the Doctor's dull —  
     Sir, I pronounce him droll. —  
 But my dear son of *Alma Mater*,  
 You shall have — *aliter probatur*. —

For mark a contrast now of Mirth's own handy-making!

That bawling fellow on the stool

Will hold all mortals *waking*;

He's a fanatic,

Who with extatic

Gesture, and aukward motion,

(Current for good devotion,)

And whining and canting,

And wailing and ranting.

And bell'wings loud,

And screw'd-up face,

*Humbugs* the gaping crowd,

And this is saving grace! —

You've seen Physicians holding consultation

In deep speculation,

With canes at their noses;

(For that our suppose is;)

What grimaces!

What wry faces!

While coolly they're retiring,

The patient lies expiring

In doleful plight; —

'Twould soften quite

The heart of any Turk : —

But they have only done their work. —

Had you never a call

To *Westminster-Hall*?

There's noble haranguing

And thorough tongue-banging ;

And laying down law

Without crack or flaw :

Prating,

Rating,

*Billings-gating* ;

There's running of *rigs*,

And tossing of wigs ;

And quibblings, and *querkings*,

And under-hand workings ;

There's a number of cases,

And solemn old faces ;

And a million of gim-cracks, and fancies :

Demurrers, pleas, recogni-zances ;

And a set of reports

That have run through all courts ;

There's *Plaintiff* and *Defendant* ;

(By my troth there's no end on't ;)

}

*Lessor and Lessee, and poor Spinster : —*

*O rare West-minster ! —*

*'Tis a troublesome day,*

*But the Client's to pay. —*

*For \* they wrangle, and they jangle,*

*And yet they all agree ;*

*And the tenor of the law runs merrily.*

*From Drollery, &c.*

VIII.

*Don't stare,*

*But I'm going to swear*

*By all the gods, and all the goddesses*

*In Homer's Iliads, and his Odyssseys,*

*And by Momus, the droll of the skies ;*

*Supposing you're quaffing,*

*I'll set you a laughing,*

*Till the liquor flows out at your eyes.*

IMITATIONS.

*\* For they wrangle and they jangle,*

*And they never can agree,*

*And the tenor of the song goes merrily.*

*Chorus of an Old Ballad.    Auth. Incert.*

Only take a short jaunt,  
 And I'll shew you my aunt : —  
 There she sits by the fire  
 In ancient attire ;  
 She's queer, and she's quaint,  
 Like a Methodist faint ;  
 At the fins of the age  
 She bursts in a rage ;  
 If you tell but two lies  
 She turns up her eyes ;  
 If you mention a male,  
 Her cheek will turn pale ;  
 She hates the young jades  
 That haunt masquerades ; —  
 The name of such creatures  
 Sets at work all her features ;  
 She turns her about,  
 She wriggles her snout : —  
 She's faddle and fiddle,  
 And a sort of a riddle.  
 She knows all diseases ;  
 And cures whom she pleases ;  
 She's a gen'ral phyfician :  
 And a staunch politician ;



She hopes reformation,  
 And mends the whole nation ;  
 She loves party scuffles ;  
 She thumb-plaits her ruffles ;  
 She wears taudry filks ;  
 Her toast is *Jack W-lk-s* :  
 She's this, and she's that ;  
 And she keeps an old cat,  
 A parrot and dog ;  
 (*Mog, Mog, Mog, come Mog, poor Mog ;*) —  
 She's too old to have fits ;  
 But she's out of her wits. —  
 Upon my soul  
 My aunt's a droll !

*From Drollery, &c.*

IX.

You need not long in *London* range —  
 There's Drollery enough on 'Change,  
 Where busy folk of all sorts meet ;  
*French, Spanish, Dutch, Italians, Prussians,*  
*Venetians, Swedes, and Danes, and Russians ; —*  
 All nations trade, — and sometimes cheat. —

What a hurry, and fufs !

What a stir, and what *buz* !

'Tis the whole world in coalition,

Or *Babel* in a new edition. —

Hey! for the regions of *con-fol*,

The jobber's clime and broker's;

Throughout the alley you shall find

Dry fellows, though dull jokers;

In bond, and transfer, *par*, and *cent*.

Sure there can be no *fin-a* :

One rule will serve for monied men —

And that is — *laugh and win-a*.

And now look in (I'll pawn my word

'Twill pay you well for peeping,)

Upon that ghaftly, fallow tribe

Of *Jews*, high-fabbath keeping: —

Believe me, Sir, I scorn to treat

*Pagans*, or any men ill; —

But they resemble puppies much

Howling about a kennel.

*From Drollery, &c.*

X.

Tell me, ye lads of Mirth, can Droll'ry shew  
 A gayer group, or a more joyous scene  
 Than a Lord Mayor, and Aldermen,  
 And Livery-men *al-so*,  
 Sitting at dinner in a row? —  
 The very mention of the matter  
 May make my Reader's mouth to water.  
 Happy thrice, thrice happy guest  
 At a genial city feast! —  
 They tuck the napkin to their rosy jowls,  
 And for the meal prepare — with all their souls. —  
 The word is given — they begin —  
 They flash through thick and thin;  
 “Through rills of fat, and deluges of lean,  
 “With knives as razors keen.”  
 Flesh, fish, and fowl nice appetites regale,  
 And viands rich ambrosial steams exhale;  
 And weighty flivers from delicious haunches  
 Distend to their full size enormous paunches. —  
 O nameless transport of a feasting hour!  
 Mutton men eat, but turtle they devour. —

Now, now for a whet, boys; — then to it again;  
 Bring, waiter, *Madeira*, or lively *Champaigne*;

Behold them now again their knives applying;  
 Stomachs vast with stomachs vying!  
 Now with fat custards, and high jellies,  
 They cram the corners of their bellies.  
 See! see! how Sir *Coddlehead* swallows that tart —  
 Ye gods! — Is it eating, or filling a cart?  
 Give, give them elbow-room — they have a call  
 One and all;  
 Let none the licens'd luxury gainsay;  
 For guttling is the business of the day.  
 Happy thrice, thrice happy guest  
 At a genial city feast! —

*From Drollery, &c.*

XI.

Now thrum the *hurdy-gurdy*, thrum again  
 A droller yet, and yet a droller strain;  
 Split\* our very sides asunder  
 With laughter, loud as rattling peals of thunder.

IMITATIONS.

\* Now strike the golden lyre again,  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

*Dryden's best Ode.*

O lend me fifty tongues,  
 And Mr. *Stentor's* leather lungs,  
 And I'll strive to recite  
 The joyous delight,  
 And the noise, and the crash, and the glee  
 Of a jovial set,  
 Together met,  
 At the gay noon of night ; —  
 Season of joke profuse, and careless jollity.  
 O what calling,  
 And what bawling,  
 And what singing,  
 And what ringing,  
 And what roaring,  
 And what snoring,  
 And what swagg'ring,  
 And what stagg'ring ; —  
 Here one mumbles ;  
 Here one tumbles ;  
 Here *Dick* rattl'ing ;  
 There *Sam* prattling ;  
 Some wild-staring ;  
 Some loud-swearing ;

These rebuking,  
 And those puking;  
 Bottles filling;  
 Glasses spilling;  
 Veins strong-burning;  
 Heads round-turning;  
 Wine high-flavour'd;  
 No one favour'd;  
 Bowls rich-flowing;—  
 No one going.

Shouts, clamours, tumults reign beyond resistance —

The world is theirs,  
 And sober cares  
 Are kick'd down stairs,

And the dull fool that sleeps must keep his distance. —

But hark! the Toast-master to *order* calls!

Silence your jokes, or brawls!

This fire-ey'd monarch of the social hour

Rules with licentious swing of arbitrary pow'r. —

The sons of riot  
 Themselves are quiet;  
 Each strokes his beard;  
 No sound is heard



Save that of *hiccup's* check'd, that die along the walls. —

Miss *Clio* never flow is

To celebrate such prowess. —

Hail! thou of jolly fellows sole commander!

Successor of *Alexander*!

Great, \*

As was that drunken potentate,

Thyself dost stand, or try to stand,

With a pint-bumper sparkling in thy hand. —

Thou giv'st thy toast;

Thy joy, thy boast;

The toast goes round;

Three *cheers* rebound;

The table shakes with universal roar,

And many a gallant gentleman lies sprawling on the floor.†

*From Drollery, &c.*

• I M I T A T I O N S.

Great as the *Persian* God ourself shall stand, &c.

*Lee's Alexander.*

† And many a gallant gentleman

Lay gasping on the ground.

*Chevey Chace.*

XII.

The goddess ever shifts her mode —  
 Now she appears in *Cibber's Ode* ;  
 In *Hogarth's* print ; — in *Garrick's Brute* ; —  
 In *Zany's* \* lecture ; or — the mimick'ry of *Foots*. —  
 Would you have proofs from low life ? — Yes,\*  
 A few. — Then mark these instances. —  
 An undertaker's mute in chief  
 Upon a stair-case shamming grief. —  
 A bear and monkey shewing tricks. —  
 A barber talking politics. —  
 'Tis the sonorous shout or ra'llery †  
 Of gods theatric in the gallery :  
 And the dumb terror, or the rage  
 Of clowns in farces on the stage. —  
 'Tis a great booby in fine clothes. —  
 A sniv'ling lover forging oaths. —  
 Two tailors on a *Sunday* greeting. —  
 On the same day a quaker's meeting,  
 Two ballad-fingers you may meet  
 (Or you've no luck) in any street,

\* *Alexander Stevens.*

† *Note an Ellipsis here.*

That, with alternate bawlings, try  
 To stun folks with mock-melody. —  
 'Tis a quack-doctor vainly boasting;  
 And Merry-andrew doctor-roasting. —  
 A rascal in the pill'ry standing;  
*Our sov'reign lord the mob* commanding. —  
 In short, in fine, and in a word,  
 Sir, Ma'am, your Honour, or my Lord,  
 Not to enlarge our catalogue  
 With ev'ry oddity in vogue,  
 'Tis what some sing, and what some say: —  
 So read at length &c.

*From Drollery, &c.*

XIII.

Hold! what's o'clock? 'Tis rather late;  
 And time for *Pegasus* to bait: —  
 'Twould not be kind  
 To ride him out of wind. —  
 O Drollery, dismiss me now; —  
 I have been long posselt, I trow. —  
 Besides, my reader may be weary; —  
 How fares it, honest friead? — How cheer ye?

Well — let's part friends — for if my ode  
 Delights thee not, — thou'rt a *bad* toad —  
 A rat — or snake — or pois'nous viper —  
 Or, what's still worse, a critic-hyper : —  
 So, hoping you as well as myself are at this moment  
 — laughing outright,  
 I heartily wish you a good morning ;  
 Or, if you are reading by a candle,  
 Why, I wish you a good night.



F I N I S.

